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## THE PIONEER OF THE MUSIC HALL.

### SOME REMINISCENCES OF MR. CHARLES MORTON.

It is some years since the modern music (hall) arose with its "voluptuous swell" in the form of the stage-door-haunting Johnny, but, just as there were strong men before Agamemnon, so there were music halls before these days of skirt dancing and diamonds, when whimsical vocalists command the income of a Cabinet Minister and lissom damsels of the dance occasionally condescend to accept coronets.

And of all men in London who know something of those early days of the variety theatre, which developed from places such as Evans's, probably Mr. Charles Morton, pioneer of the music hall, knows most.

Last week Mr. Morton was seventy-four years old, and, after admiring the fine portrait of the hale veteran painted by Mr. Joseph Mordecai for presentation by a number of Mr. Morton's friends, I discarded the "counterfeit presentment" in favour of the reality, whom I ran to earth in the manager's room at the Tivoli.

"And how many of the seventy-four have been spent in the music halls?" was my first question.

The eyes of the popular manager lighted up with instant interest, as he replied, "Fifty, full measure. It was in 1848 that I first managed a music hall proper."

"The Canterbury?"

"Yes; but I had been pottering about with sing-songs and that sort of thing for some years. I took the idea from Evans's, but threw it open for ladies as well as gentlemen."

"I suppose music halls were really halls of music then?"

"Decidedly. Augustus Braham, son of the great John, was my principal tenor, and Miss Turpin, well known in concert and operatic circles, was my soprano. My contralto was Mrs. Caulfield, wife of John Caulfield, my chairman, a remarkably able man. Both he and his wife were with Buckstone at the Haymarket. Caulfield used to write songs for Sam Cowell—parodies of Hamlet, and that sort of thing, which were very popular."

"Wasn't it Sam Cowell who sang 'The Ratcatcher's Daughter'?"

"Yes, and 'Billy Barlow.' 'The Ratcatcher's Daughter' was written by a lady of title, and my pianist, John Harraway, R.A.M., set it to music. It ran for three years."

"The public must have been easily pleased," I remarked, as I had flitting memories of the gentleman who sold lily-white sand, and

Cut his throat with a piece of glass,  
And stabbed his donkey arter.

"Yes," said the Pioneer, drily, "I think their tastes were simpler. Glee and madrigals were in high favour, too, and 'Billy Barlow' was considered a triumph of humour. Then I had a fine gallery of pictures,

into which they could turn for a change—£70,000 worth of them. The original of Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair' was in it for months, and several of Martin's great pictures—you know them?"

"Oh, yes, 'The Plains of Heaven,' and so on. Rather a mixture—'Billy Barlow' and 'Rosa Bonheur.'"

"Well they liked it, and we considered ourselves rather toney in those days. It was some years before we would come down to the 'Champagne Charlie' sort of song, which was started at Weston's, and there was no ballet—no women dancers, in fact. Sam Collins used to

dance, that was all. E. W. Mackney was another of my company about 1850. 'Dixie's Land' was his great song. The Canterbury was more like a concert room than a variety theatre."

"No 'behind the scenes,' and, therefore, no Johnnies?"

"No; there was no attraction for them. Our audiences were chiefly men."

"Men-about-town?"

"Yes; but not all of the Mulberry Hawk school."

"I suppose the modern masher is more harmless than his predecessor of the Hawk type?"

"Yes. He is spoony and silly; but girls know how to take care of themselves nowadays, and he is very harmless. At that time good music was what we went for. I produced 'Faust' for the first time in England at the Canterbury, and also Offenbach's 'Orphée aux Enfers.' Jonghman was my leader, and Evans's and the Cider Cellars our principal rivals, and our audiences used to go to Vauxhall to finish."

"And when did you blossom out into the music hall, as it is understood to-day?"

"About 1860. I built the Oxford, which was opened in that year, and left the Canterbury, although for a time both halls were worked by the same company. Taste changed, and we changed with it. Léotard

started the craze for acrobats at the Alhambra, and I had a couple of boy trapezists at the Oxford—Henri and Phau—a French boy and a Russian, trained, like Léotard, at the Cirque Impériale, Paris. In '67 the Oxford was burnt down, and I retired from it and went to the North Woolwich Gardens for two years."

"Vauxhall secundus, I suppose?"

"Much upon Vauxhall lines, yes. My first year paid well. It was just such a hot summer as this. Then came the Philharmonic."

"With Emily Soldene? I remember the lines of carriages right past the 'Angel.'"

"Yes, she was a big draw. At first she played in sketches—pieces like 'The Grand Duchess' boiled down—but I was fined for exceeding my license. In the old days at the Canterbury the same thing had happened in the case of a pantomime sketch in which only two persons took part. The fact is *everything* almost, even a comic song in costume, can be described as a 'dramatic sketch' if they like to be strict. We took a dramatic license for the little 'Phil' and produced 'Geneviève de Brabant,' with Miss Soldene in it. It ran for three years. Then came

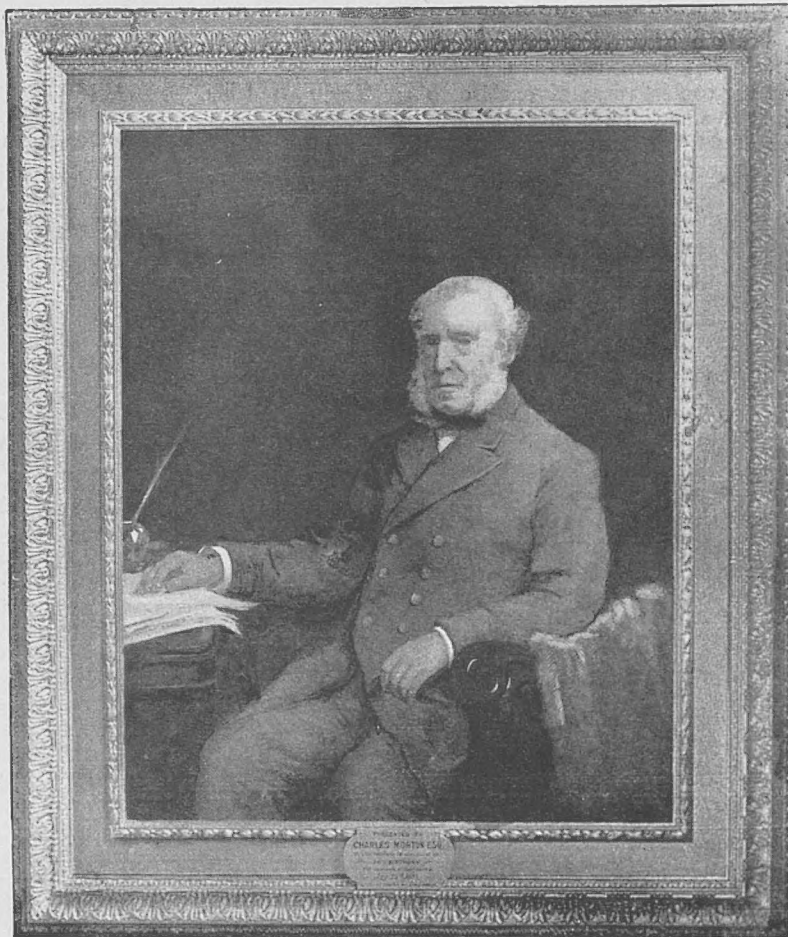


Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

PORTRAIT OF MR. CHARLES MORTON.—J. MORDECAI.



a spell at the Gaiety with Mr. John Hollingshead, when we produced 'Madame Angot' with Emily Soldene and Annie Sinclair; and afterwards we took 'Angot' to the Opéra Comique."

"And then you went to the Alhambra, I think?"

"Yes. It had a dramatic license only for the first few years of my management; but it had had a license as a music hall before, and I remember, somewhere in the early forties, seeing the Queen there, and the Prince Consort, with the Prince of Wales, a little fellow of three or four years old, sitting on his knee, as they all watched the horses go round the circus which was then held in the building."

"Comic opera was the feature during your management, was it not?"

"On a most elaborate scale—'King Indigo,' 'The Black Crook,' and so on. It was about this time that the Gaiety Music Hall was started, and gave rise, in its turn, to the stage-door brigade. The Johnny was evolved from the man-about-town."

"From your long experience, Mr. Morton, not excluding the past two years at the Tivoli, what do you think ensures the success of a music hall?"

"Anything that is novel enough and striking enough to make people say to each other, 'You must see so-and-so.'"

"Will skirt dancing hold its own long?"

"I think so. It is pretty and it is not vulgar."

"I suppose the chairman is almost extinct?"

"I think the only examples remaining are at the Marylebone and the Bedford. Once they were important personages. Charles Dickens and other well-known men would have a chat with Caulfield at the Canterbury. By-the-way, old Mr. Levy, the founder of the *Daily Telegraph*, was one of our visitors, and it was he who gave me my first notice—in the *Sunday Times*—wrote it himself. Charles Dickens also had a good word for me in *Punch*. He called my picture gallery 'The Royal Academy over the Water.'"

A. G.

### OUR OWN COUNTRY.

It is difficult to think about anything but the heat. For many years such a temperature as we had last week has been unknown. The ordinary register of the thermometer in the coolest room of one's club was about 84 deg. for days. Elsewhere it rose sometimes to 90 deg. in the shade, but in Aberdeen it remained at 64 deg., twenty-six degrees below the heat of the sweltering south. Thrice blessed Aberdeen!

The fierceness of the summer has caused a revolution in our costume. The tall hat and black coat have been routed, and almost exterminated. The most scrupulous dandy has been seen in a straw hat, a wondrous coloured waistband in lieu of braces and waistcoat, a linen coat, and flannel trousers, or "ducks." In the library of the House of Commons has appeared the portent of a legislator in his shirt. The Speaker has clung manfully to his wig, but the general opinion is that this will have to go if the revolutionary heat is prolonged.

England is at last victorious in an international arbitration. The Behring Sea tribunal has given judgment in favour of this country, and the claim of the United States to own the whole of Behring Sea is finally defeated. There is not much public excitement over the event, but it is satisfactory to think that we are not always worsted in these appeals to impartial judgment. The chief credit of the victory is freely accorded to Sir Charles Russell for his masterly presentation of the British case.

There is a considerable stir about the action of the War Office in regard to cordite, a patent explosive, designed for the use of the British Army. Two experts, Sir Frederick Abel and Professor Dewar, "assigned" the patent to a foreign manufacturer, and the War Office apparently approved this transaction, though its consent was not asked. The question which the bewildered taxpayer is putting is, what is the use of making costly experiments if the result is to be sold to the foreigner? He also wants to know who receives the money for this singular bargain. So far the official explanations have deepened the original obscurity.

A rumour that Dr. Gallagher, the most notorious of the imprisoned dynamiters, had been released happily proves untrue. Mr. Asquith says this ruffian is still in jail, and that there is not the smallest intention of letting him out. Gallagher is one of the most diabolical criminals of the century. Had he not been arrested before his plans were ripe, he would have slaughtered an indefinite number of innocent and helpless people through a lust for blood.

The coal strike is not universal. By a considerable majority, the Northumberland miners have decided to hold aloof from the Federation. A considerable independence has distinguished the action of the Northumberland and Durham miners in a number of labour questions, including the eight-hours day.

In Wales the strike has led to an outbreak of violence. The strikers held a meeting in Ebbw Vale. A considerable number of non-strikers, armed with sticks, attended the meeting, but were not allowed to take any active part in the proceedings. An altercation began, and was followed by a fight, in which the strikers were driven off the field.

Several coach accidents are reported, and the number of deaths by drowning is abnormal: it reached a total of ninety-four in eight

days, including seventeen excursionists who were drowned in the Shannon. One coroner's jury has returned a verdict of manslaughter against a boatman. It is clear that severe measures will have to be taken with people who deliberately let boats which they know to be unsafe to totally inexperienced hands.

What is called in some papers an epidemic of suicide has set in. A boy of sixteen hanged himself for no conceivable reason. Ernest Clark has achieved a posthumous notoriety by taking his life because he was weary of the shams of this world. He left a letter, containing some very bad verses and some exceedingly fatuous philosophy. For instance, he indited Nature for a conspiracy to keep man on the earth, though even the very flowers commit a fraud upon the bee. This imbecility has been praised in some quarters as "manly and pathetic," and we have been asked why the Ernest Clarks should not have a lethal chamber prepared for them by responsible authorities, in which they could get an easy and painless death—let us say, by dropping a penny in the slot. There is a good deal to be said for suicide from a purely philosophical point of view, always supposing that the act can be rationally defended. In Ernest Clark's case it was the deed of an egotistical fool.

Some thoughtful person has discovered a case in which the law was actually expeditious. A case was tried, a new trial ordered and completed, and all in the same assize. And yet there are people who will go on complaining of the law's delay!

It is said that there is a plot for the abduction of Jabez Spencer Balfour. A large sum has been subscribed for the expedition, which is to be conducted by most determined men. Jabez is reported to be in a "blue funk," and has implored the protection of the Argentine Government. The Argentine Government seems to have enough to do to protect itself from the customary revolution which breaks out once a week. In such a country there ought not to be much difficulty in carrying off anybody, and if the plan were serious we might expect it to succeed. But serious men do not allow their intentions to be proclaimed in this fashion.

A Select Committee has decided that the marking of foreign meat presents no insuperable obstacle. This is consoling, but it would be more consoling to native meat-producers to know how it is to be effected. The consumer, too, yearns for a guarantee that he is not paying the price of English meat for American beef to his unsophisticated butcher.

Professor Beesly and Mr. Laird Clowes think this is a suitable season for a campaign against misused words. It is wrong, it is even wicked, to say "preposterous" when you mean "ridiculous." "Purview" is commonly used to denote a particular range of ideas. Professor Beesly sternly reminds us that it belongs to a Parliamentary enactment alone, and has no sense outside of that. But does it not occur to this most scrupulous, not to say pedantic, professor that much of the language consists of words which have entirely changed their meanings? The word "prevent" now means something quite different from the same word in the Collect: "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings." There it is used in the sense of "go before," a very different significance from that in which it is used by Professor Beesly and everybody else.

The plague of wasps is exercising a great deal of scientific study. Every day brings a fresh story of the violence and insatiable appetite of these insects, which are almost as numerous as the flies in Egypt. By-the-way, the common or household fly shows none of the abnormal activity which the season seems to invite. Perhaps he is lying low.

The coolness of the illuminated gardens and the excellence of the music (quite sufficiently classical, by-the-way) are nightly drawing immense crowds to the Earl's Court Exhibition grounds. In spite of the emptiness of town, even the welcome Club enclosure is thronged. People, unfortunately for the theatrical managers, cannot be enticed within their doors, especially when the pleasures of the drama and the coster ditty can be sipped by means of the electrophone at Earl's Court. It is immensely popular. The run on the refreshment bars and the calls on the little tables find the management quite unable to cope with the demand. The inadequacy of the serving staff should be at once remedied.

The death of Alderman Abel Heywood last Saturday morning removes a man whose life—political, social, and commercial—was closely interwoven with the history of Manchester. He suffered sixty-one years ago in the cause of liberty of the Press, being imprisoned for four months for having sold the *Poor Man's Guardian*. The injustice was partially atoned for when twice he was called by his fellow-citizens to mayoral honours. It is well for the world to be reminded of the services of veteran pioneers like Abel Heywood.

Railway companies have other innovations besides corridor trains. The Midland Railway Company has just issued a tiny brochure as an illustrated guide to Scotland, with time-tables, thumb-nail sketches, and interesting notes on the route to the Land o' Cakes. For passengers who are looking forward to visiting the north by the picturesque line of rail depicted in this book, it will be a particularly welcome addition to the light luggage of the journey. There is just enough about places like Bedford, Kettering, Sheffield, Ayr, Glasgow, and Edinburgh to be to the point without being wearisome. The book is an example of the "nutshell literature" to which, in the words of the chief librarian of the British Museum, the age is so partial. The only suggestion for the improvement of the guide would be the addition of a little map.





THE OLD FLIRT.

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,  
The power of beauty I remember yet."



## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Home Rule plus the tropic of Capricorn is one of those experiences which patriotic politicians are forced to face, but which it is most fervently prayed may never be repeated in a lifetime. As a matter of fact, the weather is the principal topic at Westminster. "Who fears to speak at 98 in the shade?" is a question answered very easily, even by Irish Nationalists. The House is not exactly deserted, but, at all events, more or less shunned in favour of the Terrace. I see that in the Italian Chamber at Rome punkahs have been introduced with great success, and the representatives of Italian democracy think their Parliament House is the coolest place in Italy at the present moment. Now, here is a suggestion for the Government: let them get a committee of old Anglo-Indian M.P.'s, and set them to work to report upon the best plan of adapting the system of punkahs to the House of Commons.

## LOBBY GOSSIP.

Our Whips, I happen to know, are in excellent spirits over the developments of the political situation during the Hereford election. What happened there, they hear, is happening all over the country. Gladstonians of the more moderate type are disgusted at the retention of the Irish members. They don't care to vote Conservative, but they will take very good care not to vote in favour of the Government candidate. This is what occurred at Hereford. The defection from the Liberal standard, followed by the accession to Mr. Cooke of the railway vote, decided the fortunes of the day. Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., confirms this account of the struggle. He declares that the final evolution of Clause 9 has smashed up the Gladstonian party in the country. The mistake of the Old Parliamentary Hand has been his perpetually reiterated assertion that the country had decided in favour of retention, whereas it had never decided anything at all upon the subject.

## REPORT STAGE.

The Report stage moves along with steady, purposeful tread. The Nemesis of the closure is obvious to everybody. If you drop stitches you are bound to pick them up some time. Gagged in Committee, the Opposition are trying to bring before the country the substance of the clauses and the objections to them which were left undiscussed by the closure. In this way the working men of England have been able to see that the Bill permits Irishmen to alter their own hours of labour, and give themselves advantages in competition in foreign markets, while Englishmen are fighting to reduce their own hours of labour. The admitted design of the Irish Nationalists is to build up and foster their native industries, and they could do that making their own factory laws. A mill-owner in Ulster told me not long ago if he could work a couple of hours a day longer he could cut out all his English competitors on the Continent. This would be a great temptation to the Irish Parliament. However, our sanguine Treasury Benchers have got the angelic theory on the brain, and the word has gone forth from Downing Street, "The Irish can do no wrong." As a cautious Conservative, I appeal unto Cæsar.

## O CAMBRIA! OH! MY COUNTRY.

The Welsh members have evidently got something sitting very heavily on their chest. They look angry and morose. Some of them are Druidical in their wrath, and have distinctly given place to the devil. The fact is that their revered leader has taken their position with a flank movement. "Newcastle Programme? I don't understand," quoth the Grand Old Actor. "Do you really think the National Liberal Federation is co-ordinate with the Liberal Cabinet? Not by a jugful. Welsh Disestablishment, my dear Mr. Rendel and kind Taffies all, is where it is, and nowhere else. Where exactly it is, of course, you know as well as I do, but all I can say is that it is nowhere yet. It will be somewhere some day," and so on, and so on.

## AUTUMN SESSION?

I expressed doubts last week about an autumn session. My doubts have increased to such an extent that I almost know enough to prophesy. My ideas are something like this: the Government are beginning to appreciate the strength of an Opposition numbering over 300. Hereford has given them the jumps, and they are wavering. By the time these lines are in print they may have made some statement on the subject; but what I imagine will happen is simply a wind-up of the present session at the end of September—earlier, perhaps—and then a fresh session commencing in the middle of November. They might get a couple of Bills advanced a few stages before Christmas, and then adjourn until February. This is what the late Government did in 1890, and it served their purpose admirably. Meanwhile, the Liberal party see the futility of trying to coerce the Opposition, and the heat has shown that the Conservatives are good stayers.

## THE UPPER HOUSE.

The House of Lords, I hear, intend to carry out a formal and dignified debate on the Bill when it reaches them. There will be no unseemly haste or long night debates. The Opposition are already getting their speakers listed, but, of course, there is no difficulty in getting Unionist speeches in the Upper House. Who will answer them? There's the rub. Lord Rosebery may be an absentee. The list of Home Rule Lords is, indeed, a slender one. But a complete conspiracy of silence there could not be. That would be too monstrous. No doubt, Lord Spencer, Lord Houghton, Lord Acton, Lord Thring, Lord Kimberley, Lord Ripon, and Lord Herschell will bear the brunt of the attack.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Calm and deep peace rests for the moment on the Parliamentary world, a peace to be followed soon by the fiercest war. The Cabinet Council on Thursday practically disposed of the question of the closure. Closure there must be—closure of Report, just as there was closure of Committee. Nothing else, of course, was possible. The Opposition are playing the same game in the later stages of the controversy as they played in the earlier. They have put down amendments for the mere sake of putting them down; they discuss and re-discuss matters fully threshed out in the Committee stage, and have, in a word, pursued a course of open and flagrant obstruction such as no Ministry could for a moment tolerate. The leader of this, as of every other forward movement among the Unionists, has been Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Balfour's quieter, but still interesting and dexterous personality has been completely eclipsed by the robust individuality, the more unscrupulous tactics, the more deadly and intense purpose of the Unionist leader. One often wonders how the two parties stand the strain involved in Mr. Chamberlain's overbearing temper and persistent habit of forcing his own tactics down the throats of his allies. If Mr. Balfour were not one of the sweetest tempered of men and one of the most loyal of colleagues the stress would be unendurable. As it happens, Mr. Chamberlain again lays down the tactics, times the advance, orders the troops, directs the skirmish.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S TACTICS.

Both in public and in private the Member for West Birmingham has been candid to the point of impudence. In conversation he has made it his constant boast that his one object is to force the Government into closing. In public he has proposed a somewhat more extended programme. This amounts to an absolute smashing of the Ministry on their English as well as on their Irish side. The plan of the Opposition, as detailed to me in the most authoritative way, is this: Home Rule is a great constitutional change which the Opposition believe to be unpopular in the country. They have determined that it shall be presented as a sole issue unmixed with any other matter whatsoever. For that reason they will obstruct, not covertly, as they did in the earlier stages of the controversy, but openly and of set purpose. They will say, "You have closed us in the Commons, and the House of Lords has rejected the Bill. Now, therefore, the course is clear. It must go back to the country. We will not allow you to mix the issue with the Employers' Liability Bill, the Local Government Bill, the Local Veto Bill, and what not. Home Rule, and Home Rule alone, must be the issue. If you decline to meet our views, we will prevent you passing any Bill whatsoever. We will turn Parliament upside down; we will talk your autumn session away; we will obstruct Supply; we will, in short, make your position impossible and ridiculous."

## THE MINISTERIAL REPLY.

The Ministerial reply to this position is clear enough. The forefront of it consists in their utter repudiation of the claims of the Lords to force a dissolution or to decide the fate of a measure. "We do not admit," they say, "the veto of the House of Lords. It is an unrepresentative assembly; it is not authorised by any popular mandate to take any part in the Home Rule controversy. It is composed of landlords, who are interested in one side of the controversy, yet it claims to exercise a veto which the Crown itself has never dared to exercise since the beginning of the eighteenth century. We despise its verdict, and shall disregard it. We shall carry out our mandate with regard to our English as well as our Irish programme. If you obstruct we shall closure. If you try and bear down the popular assembly, we can retort by absolutely ignoring the action of the non-popular one."

## THE HEAT IN PARLIAMENT.

Meanwhile, it is a striking proof of the extraordinary vitality of the Home Rule controversy that this torrid and all-dissolving heat has not only not broken it up, but has not even perceptibly slackened it. As a rule, hot weather breaks up the session. I have seen a most strenuous and hard-working House of Commons gradually fading away into languor and laziness in the dog-days. Not so with this House. We have never had such heat, and never had such complete physical prostration as has accompanied the closing phases of the controversy. Yet with the heat against us, with the long session against us, and with an old man of eighty-three at the head of the Home Rule party, the battle is being waged as fiercely as ever. Mr. Gladstone himself looks in many ways the coolest and youngest among us. He stays nearly all night, comes back with a healthy flush on his cheeks, delivers a speech full of the most exuberant gestures and the most animated argument, and seems to renew his youth in this fierce summer, which has scorched up the activities of younger men. Never was so extraordinary a display of personal energy, so victorious a conflict against the most unconquerable force of nature. There is something almost uncanny in the way in which the light goes on burning in this ancient but splendid vessel.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane





MISS GEORGIE ESMOND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Mr. Charles White, who has a long string of horses in training in T. Sherwood's stable, is a well-known bookmaker. Mr. White has risen from the ranks, as he once acted as conductor on an omnibus. He is



Photo by Robinson, Regent Street, W.  
MR. C. WHITE.

a most respectable, popular man, ever ready to do a good turn to those really in need, and he often presides at "friendly leads" and such-like entertainments, got up in the cause of charity. Mr. White has owned horses before. It will be remembered he bought Success, whose name cropped up so frequently in the hearing of the law case Wood v. Cox. Success won in Mr. White's colours at the first time of asking. Mr. White lives in a lovely house in North London, and he always entertains largely on the occasion of race meetings held at Alexandra Park.

When he began as a bookmaker he did a great deal over pedestrian handicaps and trotting races; but after getting a position in Tattersall's ring he had to confine his attention to horse racing. I am not quite sure that he is acting wisely in dabbling in platers; but time will prove whether he is more successful with them than I have been.

There is some talk in City circles of starting a racing syndicate with a view to sweeping the board of all the big prizes. It is suggested that the company should establish their own breeding stud and start training stables, and retain a couple of the best jockeys exclusively to ride in races and trials. With a managing director to be paid a heavy salary, to say nothing of large promotion money, the project could not possibly succeed, and the idea is not a good one. It is a remarkable fact that many owners who have started with the avowed intention of making racing pay have failed lamentably, while others, like the Dukes of Westminster and Portland, who race for the love of the sport, have scooped in all the big prizes.

Major Egerton has been busily engaged in compiling the weights for the Autumn Handicaps, and, as he has the able assistance of Mr. Mainwaring, we may expect a brace of puzzles. The Major is a keen observer of racing and racehorses. He may be seen at all the principal meetings, parading the paddock with a view to satisfying himself as to the condition of the competitors. It was, I think, Sir George Chetwynd who, on once being asked why a horse that was not in condition was run, answered, "Just to give the handicapper a look at him." Well, Major Egerton, notebook in hand, does have more than one look at the majority of the horses running, and no doubt he dots down items of use to him when compiling future handicaps. The Major is a tall, fine-looking man, although it must be noted that he is inclined to stoop somewhat. Like the Duke of Cambridge, he is very partial to an umbrella, and generally carries one with him, summer and winter.

The Prince of Wales has had wretched luck with his racing stud this year, so has Baron Hirsch, and the chances are that the change of air from Kingsclere to Newmarket did the animals no good. Under Porter's invariable rule his horses are not hurried forward in the early spring, and it is seldom Kingsclere claims an important winner before the end of the merry month. The system generally adopted at Newmarket is to put the horses into strong work soon after the New Year, and to run them out for their early spring engagements. The consequence is that a horse trained at the little Cambridgeshire town has to toil for nine months out of the twelve, while the Kingsclere thoroughbreds get a six months' respite. I have heard that a well-known follower of racing was anxious to get John Porter to turn his business into a limited liability company, but the Kingsclere trainer would not entertain the idea.

I am sorry to hear that there is little likelihood of the annual cricket match Press v. Jockeys taking place this year, although M. Cannon is anxious to get up a team to oppose the quill-drivers. For the match to be successful each side should be composed of purely representative men—I mean real jockeys and real reporters. On the Press side, Messrs. Widdowson, J. H. Smith, S. Smith, and T. Callaghan can all play cricket; while of the riders, the brothers Cannon, the brothers Nightingall, and one or two others are clever exponents of the game. But we want to see "Vigilant," "Augur," "Pavo," and "Hotspur" handling the willow, and Tom Loates, J. Watts, and F. Webb trying their prentice hands with the leather. Then the match would prove a great draw.

## WOMEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

## II.—THE BLOOMER PARLIAMENT.

Hearken now, O daughter of Eve, unto the Chronicle of the Bloomer Parliament—

And behold, after the meetings that dissolved in tears by the waters of Lake Michigan, the women that had wept arose and dried their eyes, and said—

"Go to now, let us hold a Parliament—yea, a mighty Parliament of women, that shall solve the problems of the universe which men have failed to solve."

And forthwith there was mirth by the waters of Lake Michigan, and laughter in the streets of the White City, where there had been weeping. For out of the Wild West came wild women wearing bloomers, and did walk in the streets of the White City. And the street-boy who dwelleth in Chicago did laugh and say, "Ha, ha!" and did point the finger of scorn at the bloomers and the wearers thereof.

But when they came into the halls where the Parliament of women should meet, behold, the women were as the sands of the sea-shore for multitude, and the sound of their voices was as the sound of many waters—yea, even as the waters of Niagara. And when the great halls—the Hall of Columbus and the Hall of Washington—were filled, there were of the fragments of the Eternal Feminine that remained six halls full.

And there were some that wore frocks, and not bloomers; but unto those that wore bloomers were given the best places, and it was said unto them—

"Friends, go up higher—yea, even upon the table—that thy bloomerism may be seen of men."

And one of the Bloomerites arose and told how she had worn bloomers in the highways of Yankeedom, and how the men and the youth of Yankeedom had pointed the finger of scorn at the Bloomerites, so that these became afraid, and were few in number.

And they that wore bloomers sighed and murmured, "Pioneers, oh, pioneers!"

And a woman from Syria arose and told how the women of Syria were Bloomerites even from their birth.

And one who had beauty, but not bloomers, arose and said—

"Is not beauty greater than Bloomerism, and the Eternal Feminine mightier than her frocks?"

And the Bloomerites were wroth, and murmured—

"Oh, daughter of Eve!"

And there was strife between the Bloomerites and the Jenners-Millerites.

And elsewhere in the eight halls were women who arose and spoke of the rights of Woman (with a capital) and did tell the tale of woman from the days of the first woman who did make unto herself bloomers of fig-leaves in the Garden of Eden.

But above all other voices rose the voices of the Bloomerites who spoke not of the Eternal Feminine but of her frocks.

And when the women across the seas sent and said—

"Tell us, O Parliament! O mighty Parliament of women! tell us wherewithal ye have solved the problems of the world."

And the sister world of women made answer to the women across the seas, "With bloomers."

And when they had thus made answer the women of the Bloomer Parliament raised a great shout, so that the floor of the hall trembled—it trembled and fell, and with it fell the Bloomer Parliament.

And again there was weeping by the waters of Lake Michigan. And man arose and said, "How are the Bloomerites fallen in the midst of the battle!"

And the daughters of Eve triumphed and arose and clothed themselves in scarlet, and not in bloomers.

And there was silence by the shores of Lake Michigan, for the Bloomerites were not, and their voices were silent in the land.

## THE UNNAMED STATE.

The Earl of Meath asked her Majesty's Government if they would lay greater stress on the teaching of geography, especially in the case of girls.—*Daily Paper*.

There is a state (the Married State)

Upon life's map innominate.

Not poet's pen nor Love's own lip

Can name that land of milk and honey.

The trading title "partnership"

Has hints of merchandise and money.

"Comrades" are bound by bloody fates,

And every felon has his "mates."

"Marriage" means medley at St. George's;

And "wedlock" fancied fastenings forges.

"Union" is made a word of hate

By politicians on the prate;

While grim the figure is and bony

That's conjured up by "matrimony."

Eden's a name without a place,

Not known to man, for all its fame;

But here's the garden of all grace,

With no geography or name. WILFRID MEYNELL.



# FIJIAN AND SAMOAN GIRLS.

The Fiji Islands lie between the latitudes of 15 deg. 30 min. and 20 deg. 30 min. S., and longitude 177 deg. and 180 E., forming part of Polynesia. The islands were discovered about 200 years ago by the



A YOUNG SAMOAN CONVERT.

great Dutch navigator Abel Jansen Tasman, and were afterwards visited by Captain Cook, who named the windward group Turtle Island. The principal trade of Fiji at this time seems to have been sandalwood, to burn before Chinese pagodas, or *bêche-de-mer*, to tickle the taste of the Chinese epicures. The ubiquitous missionary became fully established in Fiji about 1835, and, thanks to his indefatigable teaching and energy, the majority of the natives can read and write their own language, and a few converse tolerably well in English. The Fijians seem to be an exceptionally favoured, happy, and contented people, rejoicing in a beautiful country and a fine climate. Life flows on in an easy, dreamy kind of way, with but little to worry or disturb their equanimity. The Fijian could never endure our ceaseless turmoil and struggle for existence; it would send him distraught with its clamour, and he would die a victim to an overdose of civilisation. There is no emulation in the race for wealth about these happy islanders; they take life as they find it, and, luckily for them, it is set in pleasant places. Brilliant sunshine, lovely scenery, abundance of edibles, great variety of fishing, good trade, good missionaries, and English protection—what can the native heart desire more?

The two young girls in the illustration are Fijians, and are playing a native-invented game, somewhat similar to euchre, with ordinary playing cards, with which they are well acquainted. It would take a very smart practitioner of the London "shark" brigade to bamboozle these children of nature at cards. Their eyesight is so wonderfully quick and they are endowed with such intuitive perception that they seem to follow action as quickly as action itself. An amateur conjurer of Mr. Henderson's party, who plumed himself upon his dexterity, was put to the blush and completely routed in his most complex tricks of sleight-of-hand by the penetration of those simple girls. There is a good deal of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" about these native card-players, although aces up the "sleeve" are palpably out of the question.

No wonder the poet and novelist Robert Louis Stevenson should have selected Samoa (about 500 miles east of Fiji) for his home. These islands are veritable paradises on earth, and to the artist, poet, and author offer a haven of rest for which vaunted "gardens of sleep" in "Poppy Land" and written-up Continental health resorts are but poor apologies. Nature in Fiji and Samoa is nature pure and simple. There are no railways, no 'buses, trams, or gigantic factories to trouble the artistic temperament, and the steam roundabout, touting photographer, "three shies a penny," and "all-the-fun-of-the-fair" are blessings (!) of civilisation not yet descended upon the unsophisticated Fijian. There are only quiet little towns and villages, nestling beneath graceful, towering palms, backed by ranges of volcanic mountains, melting into an indescribable hazy distance, and above all the purple sky of evening reflecting its brilliant hue over the far expanse of iridescent ocean, transforming it into a dazzling sea, rolling in from the too-rapidly setting sun, and breaking in opalescent spray over the outer coral reef encircling the island.

Far out on the reef can be seen, silhouetted against the glowing sky, a number of native girls commencing the night fishing, chanting strange songs, which in the quickly approaching night sound eerie and entrancing, and call to mind all the tales and old-world legends one has ever read of Lurline and the mermaids dear to the superstitious sailors of a bygone generation. At night the scene is even more picturesque and weird, for out on the coral reef the girls and men light torches and attract the fish by the glare, and spear them as they rise; while on shore the natives dance and sing in such a light-hearted manner that it makes the cynical *blasé* traveller green with envy at such natural, innocent, and genuine enjoyment.

The illustration of the girl holding a Bible is of a young Samoan convert, who has been educated by the missionaries, and sent by them to Fiji to teach the Fijians to read and write, and inculcate the teachings of Christianity. The Samoans are far in advance of the Fijians in educational matters, and are much more refined, although it is regrettable that a brutal civil war should have lately been raging in the Samoan group. While strongly advocating a visit to the lovely islands of the Pacific, we should advise all wary globe-trotters to avoid Samoa at present, as it is in a state of unrest, and the natives, when on the war path, have a most unpleasant taste for cutting off heads as trophies of their prowess.

Our illustrations of Fijian and Samoan girls are from photographs by Mr. Ernest W. Henderson, taken while on a cruise in the cutter yacht *Don Henri*.



FIJIAN GIRLS PLAYING CARDS.



## COMING MEN.

"The younger generation is knocking at the door."—IBSEN.

## JOHN BURNS, THE TRIBUNE.

Not long ago John Burns walked up the steps of the square mass of buildings in Whitehall which is given up to the Local Government Board at the head of a little deputation of County Councillors. He spoke to Mr. Fowler on the unemployed question with great force, and he was received with the deferential courtesy which presidents of great public departments only accord to powerful men. A few years before he had found himself, by some marvel of agility, on the sill of one of the high windows of the same building, with a surging crowd of angry workmen at his feet. A day

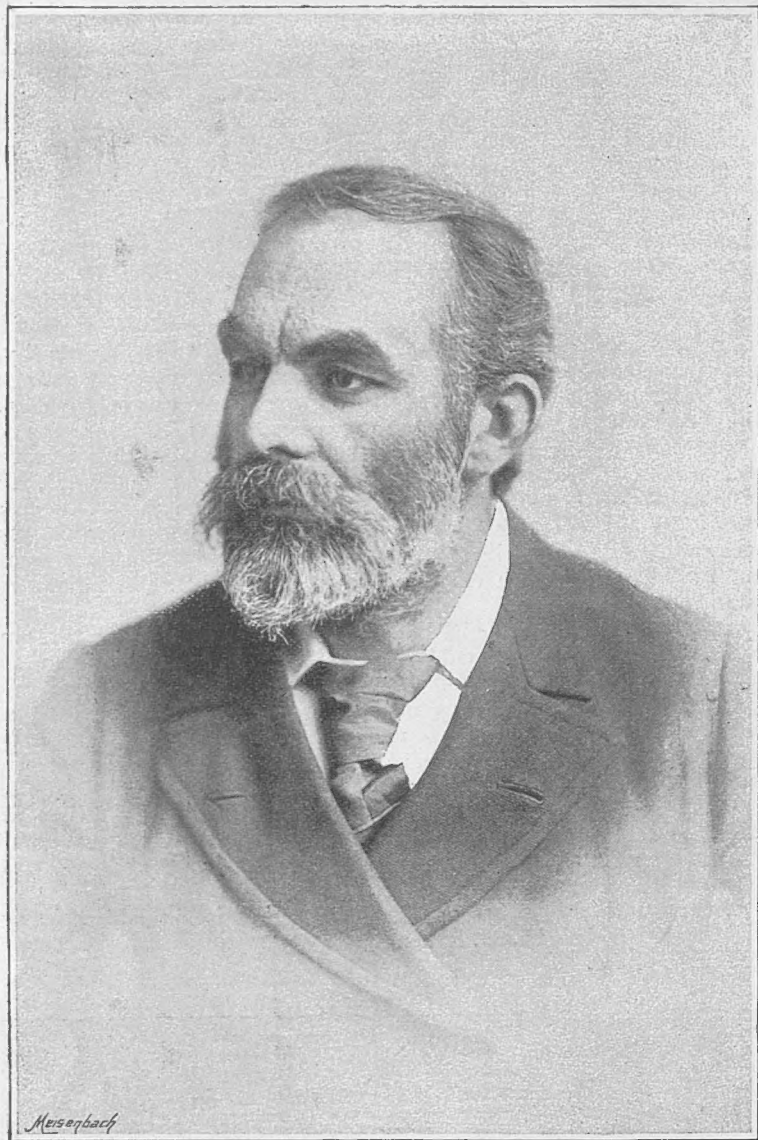


Photo by Treble, Clapham Junction, S.W.

JOHN BURNS, M.P.

or so after the deputation to the President of the Local Government Board, he was addressing a meeting of 20,000 persons in Trafalgar Square from the same corner of the plinth where, on a dull November afternoon in 1887, he, a prisoner in the hands of the men of the A Division, had filled his hat with water from one of the fountains, with which to bathe the head of Mr. Cuninghame Graham, lying bleeding and stunned on the flags. Five years later a sergeant of the same division gave him a friendly hand up to the plinth and added a respectful greeting. Yet he behaved in one situation as coolly as in the other—as coolly as when he was diving for five mortal hours in a shark-haunted lagoon of the Niger for the lost propeller of his launch. "Jack" Burns (as Battersea calls him) has, indeed, travelled far and fast in these days. But he has kept his feet with Scotch sturdiness, and the broad shoulders hold a head seared and grizzled with time, but as confidently set as ever, with keen black eyes looking out from massive eyebrows and bearing out the set of the strong, hairy throat. It has fallen to few men at once to look so old and to be so young—to have gained at thirty-three such a foothold on the slippery steps of political power, and yet to maintain so easy a bearing.

John Burns is, indeed, the fine flower of working-class agitation. The earlier figures of the century—Lovett and Hunt, and the rest—what are they to-day? Pale shadows of a forgotten time. No one of them probably had the qualities of the Battersea engineer, his wonderful physique, his force, his self-reliance, his rigid Scotch temperance of life and habit. In his stormy life he has tumbled into no pitfalls; temptations of drink and high living he has passed safely by,

and if to-day his friends were to fall from him like magic, he could go back to his engineer's shop with his hand as ready, his eye as clear, his skilled workman's instinct as sure as on the day when he left the bench for the County Council. Yet no man's life is fuller than his. Nothing comes amiss to him—art, books, music, athletics, in all he has the joy of a strong man's healthy life, the sense of mastery which the twin experience of the hand-worker and the thinker and agitator has brought with it.

As an athlete his accomplishments are curiously varied; he skates with great speed and finish, he boxes well, plays an excellent game of cricket, pulls a strong oar, and "sprints" in quite respectable form. London, the city of his birth, though not of his race, is his especial delight, and a walk with the Member for Battersea along a stretch of river frontage or a bit of decaying old London is a liberal education in the lore of citizenship. Filled as he is with the skilled artisan's hatred of scamped work, no flaw in a piece of masonry, no slovenly construction or clumsy design escapes him. His economic thinking and reading—and that for his time of life has been remarkable—has given all kinds of fresh turns to his practical knowledge. He treats everything in the concrete, and his unrivalled acquaintance with all the moods and phases of the artisan's life gives a welcome basis of fact to his freest theorising.

The Member for Battersea has had the supreme wisdom to break down the old tradition of a prophet who has no honour in his own country. A Scotchman by father and mother, he was born within a stone's throw of the boundaries of Battersea, and in that old London parish he has spent all his life that has not been devoted to an adventurous sojourn as engineer on the banks of the Niger and a Continental trip undertaken on the savings—£100 or so—of the voyage. The months spent on the Continent were educational—a brave venture for a working man, whose only fortune lay in his right hand; but a harder intellectual apprenticeship has been served in the little ground-floor room, lined with well-worn books, in which the workman's agitator has lived his later life. A better library on the severe lines that a politician and a worker in practical economics requires it would be difficult to meet with. Blue-books, labour reports, standard works on economics, relieved by a few novels and poems of a serious type (Kingsley for choice), minutes of the London County Council from its initiation, a portrait of Karl Marx—above all, everything docketed and indexed, and arranged with the method of a careful worker—these are the outward signs of John Burns's mastery of the tools of his later trade.

His talk is an exact index to the deeply furrowed marks of character which line his handsome face. He is one of the few modern men to whom epigram comes as a certain gift of nature, a ready crystallisation of notable powers of humour, observation, and of interest in men's affairs. His manners, brusque to a stranger, have to those who know him a charm and frankness that belongs to all self-contained natures. Separate him, indeed, from his opinions, from his early prolonged struggles with poverty—for his father and mother were very poor—from his fierce and troubled record as an agitator, the people's orator, the leader of strikes, of working-class socialism, and the most popular open-air speaker in England, and he would attract any company of men and women by the stamp of genius—and the word is not lightly used—which so clearly characterises him. Yet at no period of his career has he probably commanded an income of more than £100 a year, and never has his household overtopped in expense that of the better-paid artisan. He neither smokes nor drinks, and has the Scotchman's almost unconscious habit of daily thrift. No one would call him a Puritan by type, and yet a certain cleanness and sternness of grain runs through his character, and has acted as a preservative of a life lived as openly as that of any man in London. Of the humours, virtues, faults, and economy of his own class he is a singular master. No man makes a better leader of a working-class meeting, or is more able to sway it to fun, passion, seriousness, or attention than he. As an orator he has greatly improved since he began to chasten the luxuriance of a ready style, and to speak with the concentration of phrase and thinking which occasionally make his ten-minute speeches at the County Council models of terse argument. His voice, since Mr. Bradlaugh died, is probably the most powerful speaking organ in England, and time has tended to refine and mellow its more strenuous notes. To Mrs. Burns, his handsome and refined young wife, he always attributes much of the success and happiness of his career.

John Burns's career in the troubled years that are before him and his class lies in his own strong hands. No man has climbed faster, no man needs to hold on more firmly. His début in the House of Commons was admirable, his manner self-possessed and easy, his speech restrained, his native shrewdness and intelligence always conspicuous in the opening passes of the twin duel of class and opinion which he has to fight. His good looks, his humour, his knowledge of men, his astuteness of speech and address, the complete absence of the *gaucherie* which so often marks off the working man, however intelligent and ardent, in his first approaches to a more artificial sphere of living, have already won him a social place in the House which justifies his past. It is, indeed, as a representative of a new type—the type the Education Act made possible—of the larger aspirations of his fellows, of their wider opportunities of pleasure and leisure, of their slowly-growing taste for the things of the spirit, that John Burns, with his intellectual qualities, his attractive, flamboyant personality, his physical skill, his strong æsthetic side, his old character as a sound, much-respected workman, enters Parliament, and with it opens a new phase of a strangely crowded life.

H. W. M.



SMALL TALK.

The following authoritative statement concerning the authoress of "The Heavenly Twins" will be read with interest: Sarah Grand has been so pestered by wild shots in the Press to prove that her name is anything but Sarah Grand that she desires to make a public and definite statement concerning herself. Her name is Sarah Grand, not "Sarah Grand"; her Christian name is Sarah, spelt with an "h"; her surname is Grand—to read Sarah Grand. There is no deep or subtle mystery either in Sarah or in Grand. She appreciates the desire of the Press to cast a halo of romance over her name, but she is neither a poisoner nor a *poseuse*—she is simply Sarah Grand. By no other name is she now known, nor would she like to be known. She trusts, therefore, that the full acceptance of this situation by the Press will be an additional kindness added to the many she has already received from it.

A very pleasant tribute of esteem has been paid to Sir John R. Robinson by his "friends and colleagues" on the *Daily News*. A letter of congratulation, signed by thirty-three members of the literary staff, was despatched to Sir John on the day when her Majesty conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. The signatories included veterans like Mr. P. W. Clayden, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Henry W. Lucy, Mr. H. H. S. Pearce, and Mr. W. Senior; and younger men, like Mr. Herbert W. Paul, the clever member for West Edinburgh, Mr. G. F. Millin, who was the Special Commissioner on "Life in Our Villages," and Mr. Arthur Gowing. To this epistle Sir John Robinson responded as follows—"My dear Colleagues,—I am deeply gratified by the expression of your sympathy and confidence. I have devoted my life to the *Daily News*, but my regard for its interests is equalled by my pride in the staff by whom its success and reputation have been assured.—Always very faithfully yours, J. R. ROBINSON."

The big social event of the season, so far, at Homburg has been the private subscription ball given on Friday week, which was attended by the Duke of Cambridge, who came informally with Lady Savile Crossley, and stayed for a short time. As bonnet dances are the invariable rule at a Homburg hop, there was not a little discussion among the ladies as to the style of their equipment. Most of the smart English women were for mufti, as represented by engaging, though "high up," toilettes, while the Americans contended, on the other hand, for full war paint and "necks showing." Ultimately, as is usually the case with the argument feminine, every lady wore what she liked, and the result, if somewhat incongruous, was undoubtedly effective. Colonel FitzGeorge made one of the four active and energetic organisers, and the experiences of Mr. Edwards, who guarded the door like a thoroughbred British lion, were not a little onerous and more than a little funny. Many of the uninvited longed to enter, and in one or two cases courtesy had to be tempered with a judicious firmness of unmistakable character before the intrusive outsiders would take their congé. Two or three gallant Blue Hussars made brilliant patches of colour in their light blue uniforms, the glory which attaches to their boots being in itself a thing sacred, shining shapely and apart. Baron Von Veneke, who is here on leave and belongs to a crack Uhlan regiment, is also a notably well-set-up specimen, even for a German officer. The cotillon is a great feature at dances here, and the Americans, who are never happier than when treading the mazes of "a German," figure in them extensively. Mr. de Koven, of New York, led with Miss Cameron on Friday, and the "driving figure," in which one lady got together a team composed exclusively of German officers in full war paint, looked very smart. An adjournment to supper was proposed at 1.30—terribly late hours for Homburg—but it was not far off 3 a.m. before the Kurhaus was once more a palace of silence, as it was nicknamed when the gaming-tables were abolished in '72. Among the dancers were Count and Countess Münster, Lady Maud Ramsden, Prince Löwenstein, and Mr. Christopher Sykes.

A friend sends me from Paris some curious details concerning M. Lockroy's attempted assassination. The enterprising cabman who despatched the bullet was not alone a patriot, but a poet to boot, and nourished in his inflammatory bosom deadliest spite against M. Lockroy, because the Deputy declined to patronise his "works." "I not alone drove Victor Hugo for ten years," exclaims the poet of the cabriolet, "but he deigned to approve of my improvisations." Lockroy refused to listen to them, *ergo* cabby's indignant protest. Fortunately for him, the Minister was wearing a waistcoat of peculiarly stiff and closely woven material when the shot was fired, and thus the bullet, though inflicting a nasty flesh wound, did not penetrate. M. Lockroy came nearer death, perhaps, once before, when, in 1871, the Communists condemned him to death, and the Versailles troops only prevented the sentence from being carried into effect literally at the point of the bayonet. Surely the path of a French politician is not always one of rose-strewn dalliance.

A young and pretty demi-mondaine, by name Sophie Faure, is now residing at the Dépôt on a charge of trying to obtain money under false pretences from the Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles Company. The young person arrived at the Lyons terminus with several small packages, and gave her luggage ticket to a porter, telling him to look for a large trunk. This, however, not being found, the lady claimed an indemnity of £80 as the value of the dresses lost with her box. The company, thinking this sum rather too much, made inquiries, and it subsequently

transpired that one of the officials of the Gare de Monaco, fascinated by *les beaux yeux* of Mademoiselle, had given her a ticket for a box which she didn't possess, knowing that she would sue the company for lost property. The unfaithful steward and his charmer were both promptly sent off to prison as a reward for this uncommon and somewhat ingenious scheme.

Miss Marie Loftus, whose portrait we have the pleasure of giving, has been very fortunate throughout her life, although, like Sempronius, she has not only commanded success but deserved it. In the first place, she had the good luck to be born a girl, a distinct advantage in the handicap of life. Then, again, Nature was very kind to her. Although she was born in grimy Glasgow, it was of Irish parents, so that humour and melody were veritably born in her, and the unbroken series of successes which she has made in her delightful business of charming the public into good temper were only so many links in the chain of destiny. During the succession of seasons in which Miss Marie Loftus—whose talent has plainly proved hereditary in the case of her daughter Cissy, who is so much in demand that only the Court of Chancery can give



Photo by J. Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MISS MARIE LOFTUS.

judgment, equal in wisdom to that of Solomon himself, as to those who have a right to claim her skill—has made the public laugh and cry by her irresistible fun and pathos, she has played all sorts of parts in all sorts of places, and has won the position of prime favourite in the theatres and music halls of London and the provinces. During her career Miss Loftus has played such varied parts as Sinbad and Dick Whittington, Robinson Crusoe and Beauty, Bo-peep, Little Boy Blue and Jack the Giant-Killer. In London and in Birmingham, in Newcastle and Leeds, in her native Glasgow, in Liverpool and in Manchester the name of Marie Loftus is one to conjure with, so sure are the public of enjoying when they listen to her that most exquisite of sensational blends, "A smile on the lip and a tear in the eye."

To Miss Loftus belongs the credit of originating the piquant and charming "baby" songs which have won such enduring popularity, her first effort in that direction having been the delightfully *chic* song "I'm so shy!" Another great success achieved by Miss Loftus was "That is love," a very telling and dramatic song, and her versatility and humour, and that enviable power of mimicry which has been reproduced in an even increased ratio in her clever little daughter, are effectively displayed in her clever dialect song, "My Lovers," in which she reproduces the love-making and lingual eccentricities of Donald, Pat, and Co. with marvellous fidelity. Another very successful song, which Miss Marie Loftus gives with archness and finesse, is "You won't tell anyone, will you?"



"Small Talk," the genuine species, which flourishes "with great freedom," as the gardening books say, in London drawing-rooms during many months of the year, is just now as scarce as the four-leaved shamrock. To more than a dozen of different hospitable flats or houses did I bend my weary way during last week, but all were empty, save for the harmless necessary caretaker, except one, and here the illness which had prevented the fair hostess from leaving the abnormal heat of the Metropolis prevented her also from ministering to my wants in the shape of refreshing tea or welcome gossip. Under these circumstances I must hope that the heat has melted the heart of my editor, and will induce both him and my readers to overlook the lack of interest which, I fear, this column may be conspicuous for.

Sir Henry Fletcher, the popular member for the Lewes Division of Sussex, who, by-the-way, is quite one of the Anaks of the present House, and an admirable specimen of the English country gentleman, makes an appeal to the country at large to help the sufferers from the terrible epidemic of typhoid which has spoiled the summer season at quiet and delightfully situated little Worthing, and has, I fear, ruined many of the tradespeople and lodging-house keepers. Whatever we may think of the authorities, who, indeed, appear to be past-masters in the art of shilly-shally, we can have but one feeling, that of sympathy, with the inhabitants of a deservedly popular town who have seen some eleven or twelve hundred of their number smitten by this terrible disease. In obtaining a new water supply, a most necessary undertaking, the townspeople will be put to expense that the present disastrous season will scarcely help them to face, and the national sympathies should not be appealed to in vain. As to the authorities alluded to above, the good people of the little Sussex watering-place might, I think, most appropriately address them in the words of Robert Browning—

Rouse up, Sirs, give your brains a racking  
To find the remedy we are lacking,  
Or sure as fate we'll send you packing.

Whether the Mayor and Corporation would "quake with a mighty consternation," I really can't say, but the voters might with advantage find out.

On tropical Aug. 12 there came of age—that is, of legal age under the terms of his late father's will—a young Englishman whose position to-day is an admirable illustration of the energy and independence which we are all so proud to claim as national qualities. The young gentleman is the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, who will one day be Viscount Hambleden, and who, on the date I have named, assumed the control of the vast fortune left by his father, Mr. W. H. Smith, whose name will long be a byword in this country for honour, integrity, and energy, both in business and politics. On this twenty-fifth anniversary of his birthday we can give no better wish to young Mr. Smith than that he may earn such a reputation as his father's.

That night on which Carlotta Leclercq won my boyish affection is, I find, perilously near thirty years ago. 'Twas as Ophelia that I first saw the delightful and talented actress whom all old playgoers will regret, and then she was at the zenith of her fame, and the personal charm for which she was so remarkable was in perfection. I never saw her in the Charles Kean "Shaksperian Revivals"; it was with Fechter, in the part of the Prince of Denmark, that I first beheld her—Fechter, that most admirable actor, who, if he failed to represent the intellectual side of Hamlet's character, as some have since done, was surrounded by such an atmosphere of poetry and romance that it made his performance of that part and many another indelible and delightful recollections. The younger generation, who have only seen Carlotta Leclercq play the part of some society lady, old style or new, can have no conception of what an artiste, what a woman she was, in the sixties.

This intolerable weather—I cannot get rid of the weather; I wish I could—seems to affect the temper sorely. In a Crystal Palace train, the other afternoon, I was much amused at the sparring of an elderly lady and gentleman—evidently strangers. The lady, in the persistent manner which some ladies have, pestered her fellow passenger as to the ultimate destination of the train in a terribly provoking manner, and not obtaining such full information from her fellow traveller as she desired, "thought it a pity people got into trains without knowing anything about them." I rather think the gentleman scored in his reply: "Madam," he observed, "I hope this train is going to the Palace and that you will reach the Palace safely, and when you are once there you will be in a glass case, an excellent place for a touchy old lady." To this there came no reply, but a haughty sniff, and for the rest of the journey this female cross-examiner relapsed into silence.

Much has been written by travellers in America in condemnation of that system of "bold advertisement" that does not scruple to destroy the most picturesque scene with a glaring announcement that somebody's specific for something or other is absolutely the best. In spite of the sneers of Englishmen, England, I regret to see, is inclined to follow the hideous example. As I journeyed through Sussex a few days ago, I noticed ever and anon, in many a pretty meadow, pleasant homestead, or charming copse an appalling blood-red board, on which, in monstrous letters, a certain patent medicine was advocated. The cost of these hateful advertisements and the annual rental which they pay must be considerable, and if they only affect others as they did me the money will be, thank heaven, thrown away indeed, for no power should move me to swallow one of the bolus tribe so recommended.

There could hardly be a writer better equipped by long friendship and delicate discrimination to deal adequately with Matthew Arnold's letters than Mr. George W. F. Russell, M.P. He has told in public more than one delightful story of the apostle of sweetness and light—as for example, the remark of Mr. John Morley to Matthew Arnold that he read one of the latter's works before delivering a speech for inspiration, and *after* the speech for consolation! Mr. Russell, despite his official duties, still manages to retain his hold on current literature, and has, nevertheless, Emerson's "joy of eventful living," being one who is a welcome guest everywhere. It is with satisfaction that I read that Messrs. Macmillan request those who possess correspondence with Matthew Arnold to entrust the letters to Mr. Russell's care, in connection with a forthcoming publication.

"What are servants coming to?" is the favourite, heartrending query of the modern mistress. The answer this week might be "They are coming to 'their own'"—judging from the first number of the *Servants' Own Paper*, which lies on my desk. This new child in the great journalistic family hopes to become the "familiar friend" of every domestic servant. If this aspiration is verified, the *Servants' Own Paper* will have a splendid circulation. It contains some interesting stories, harmless and necessary competitions, and columns on which the cook, the housemaid, and the nursemaid will respectively represent St. Simon Stylites—who is unavoidably detained elsewhere. Legal and medical questions will be answered, and advice will be given on dressmaking and needlework. There is no doubt that, if wisely conducted, the *Servants' Own Paper*, which is published at 26, Paternoster Square, will occupy a useful place in the world of kitchens.

In General Sir Edward Hamley England has lost a gallant soldier, an accomplished artist, and a brilliant writer. Few officers whose career can be remembered by the present generation have proved themselves so many-sided. Physically and mentally, Sir Edward, like a certain character of Charles Reade's, was "bad to beat." Sir Edward was a west-country worthy of whom his countrymen might well be proud, and was a member of a Cornish family which has given many sons to the public service. In politics Sir Edward was, perhaps, hardly so successful as in literature, art, or war, but wherever his fortune led him he will be kindly remembered, and nowhere more than in the stately rooms of the Athenæum, his favourite club. One novel of Sir Edward's, "Lady Lee's Widowhood," may still, with its clever sporting pictures *à la* Leech, be met with now and again at some secondhand bookseller's. It is worth securing, not only as a really entertaining society story of its time, but as a memento of one of the most deservedly popular of English gentlemen.

As a result of a playful idiosyncrasy on the part of Welsh miners, the price of coal is flying up apace. And in ordinary circumstances the chilly householder would have reason to go sadly indeed. But as there is every reason to believe, as far as one can judge, that this mild—not to say warm—weather will prevail without abatement up to Christmas, the coal war may be said to wage outside the domestic boundary. If coal rates mount, so does the glass in a never-ending excelsior. So the eternal law of compensation with the other eternal law of supply and demand may be said to have shaken hands over this matter of fuel and Fahrenheit. If the latter keeps going up the former may do so too, for we can do without it.

Wasps are another playful result of this eccentric season. Their numbers, size, and belligerent mannerisms, though, no doubt, a trial in the country, where they disport themselves so freely, have been welcomed with effusion in Fleet Street, which they carefully eschew. The wasp, in a word, is being boomed by the newspapers, and may be counted on to carry several dailies through the silly season, and so relieve them of their annual drain on the resources of the sea serpent, the big gooseberry, and other wonders. All manner of stories are recalled about the wasp, his nest, his family, and otherwise. And the legends of his achievements in the country papers are very romantic. "A congregation turned out of church in Devonshire by wasps during a long sermon." "Wasps invade a Board School and occasion a compulsory holiday." "A wasps' nest discovered in a lady's disused 'bun.'" "Hornets' nests are found in the old Parliament House, Dublin!" Verily, if remorse never sleeps, neither does the journalistic instinct; and the more provincial, the wider awake.

Yachting seems to be the pastime most hall-marked by the favour of the fashionable few this year, and, no doubt, the intense heat largely explains the sea-going craze of the moment. Nothing can be more grateful to jaded politicians or the busily idle man about town than the fresh salt breeze of the Channel and a temporary tilt at "a life on the ocean wave"—the advantages of his position being furthermore set off by the presence of lovely woman and scientifically prepared flesh-pots. I see, too, that the First Lord of the Admiralty is taking an appropriate holiday on the high seas in the Eucharist. Notwithstanding the chronic state of "bad times" and general impecuniosity of which people love to boast, it is an undoubted fact that a larger number of yachts have been chartered for trips to Norwegian fjords and Channel and Mediterranean cruises this year than for many previous ones. The Princess of Wales and Princesses Maud and Victoria are enthusiastic sailors, and have just started in the Osborne for Copenhagen via Norway and the fjords.



Everywhere as well as at Zermatt deep sympathy is felt with the well-known hotel keeper, M. Seiler, whose son added one more to the list of Matterhorn victims on the fatal 7th. The Italian side of the mountain, chosen for the ascent by young Seiler, is notoriously the most dangerous, and the curious part of it is that the Saturday before the ascent he had expressed a feeling to someone in the hotel that he felt a gloomy presentiment of death. Yet, against the strong advice of his party, he insisted in pressing onwards with his guide, when they were already near the Alpine Club "cabane," which is 12,700 ft. up the side. A number of English mountaineers marched in the poor lad's funeral procession, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson, who are now at the Riffel Alp, have shown their sympathy in a practical manner to the poor mother of the young guide Beimer, who perished with Seiler. The awful catastrophe of July 14, 1865, when Lord Francis Douglas and three other Englishmen perished in a crevasse, has been recalled by this last horror, and there is a truce for the time to mountaineering exploits at Zermatt.

This month's *Butterfly* makes its appearance in pale-green wings. It is as amusing as ever. The two editors' contributions are comic and clever, Mr. Raven-Hill's seaside sketches being particularly funny. Miss Clo Graves leads off the number with a Persian story, entitled "Apamé," which has the advantage of delicate illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Hereditary genius is again proved by the felicitous verse of L. Godfrey-Turner, which recalls his father's skill in this direction. I must not



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omit to mention Mr. J. F. Sullivan's touching story, "Melloe's Play," which has many original touches. In *The Sketch* Mr. Sullivan's artistic work is so familiar that I am sure there will be curiosity as to his adventure into fiction. The illustration which I am kindly permitted to borrow from the bright *Butterfly*, prefaces a satirical "Song of the Union," by Arnold Golsworthy. I hasten to add that the union has no political significance.

It is too bad of London to keep growing so unconscionably rich when all the world is taking headers in the opposite direction. We read tantalising accounts of the City revenues becoming inconveniently plethoric, and the City Chamberlain almost succumbing under the bulky figures he is obliged to keep count of. Now, wouldn't the City be well advised if it submitted to treatment for a too full habit, and relieved its congested parts of some superfluous bullion by providing sundry "deserving cases" with grouse moors, yachts, and other graceful trifles? I long to do the overburdened town a turn, and head the list of its saviours.

It is all very well to talk of lighting vehicles in the dark, and, of course, one does not like to drive into a rayless wagon of XX barrels, or to find that a pair-horse load of hay has taken you by surprise in the dark. But hansoms should be sacredly exempt from any ukase of the kind, and if the Chief Commissioner of Police has ever been engaged, and had to drive his beloved one back from rout or theatre in a hansom with a brilliant lamp behind which silhouetted his lightest movement, he

will understand what I mean, and sympathise with my feeling in favour of a dim religious cab. When the world was young and I was foolish, the first thing my fiancée did, if we chanced on a lighted hansom, was to blow out the lamp; the second—but I really forget that.

The House of Commons will undoubtedly welcome the return of Mr. C. W. Radcliffe Cooke, for he possesses the gift of humour, a rare equipment for the modern M.P. Do you recollect a very funny article in the *Times*, about two years ago, detailing the trials of a serious Member of Parliament, finding that he had to "do a turn" (as they say in music halls) in a Primrose League programme, to which certain "stars" were contributing gymnastic and other feats? Well, that amusing skit was from Mr. Cooke's pen, and there was another like it a short while afterwards. As for his little book, "Four Years in Parliament with Hard Labour" (of which, I notice, Cassell's have opportunely issued a new edition), it sold extensively, and made a reputation for the new Member for Hereford. Mr. Cooke's style reminds one of Mr. Edward Jenkins, ex-M.P. and author of the famous "Ginx's Baby."



MR. C. W. R. COOKE, M.P.

The latest is that we are threatened with—or more properly promised—an æsthetic revolution in the matter of bill-posters, and that the commonplaces of life, from mustard to ready-made trousers, will in future be represented by advertisements whose glowing imagery and wealth of imagination shall be worthy the genius and poetic fire of a new English artist, not to mention an R.A. himself. M. Jules Chéret has for some time past taken the subject in hand with equal credit to his original talents and advantage to the lively streets of Paris. Now the notion has very properly caught on here, and we may look for such representative exhibitions in the street of the "art of the day" as will glorify even "margarine" or "kitchen cobbles" from their association with all that is of the most artistic in advertisements. Undoubtedly, a serious move in the right direction. The æsthetic expression of our commonplace needs is a consummation devoutly to be wished on our now hopelessly vulgar hoardings.

Lunching a day or two since at a City restaurant much affected by the profession, a Fleet Street man of letters lounged in, sat down near me, and called for his British beef. It duly came, but, like other things in life, proved disappointing. The beef had palpably passed its first youth, and run much into muscle, to the grief of our journalist's tooth and the detriment of his temper. He called the waiter, and delivered himself freely of his feelings. The day was sultry, and he swam in rage. "We never has no complaints, Sir," said the *garçon*, feebly defensive. "Very likely," growled he of the meat, "for that old cow had 'em all. Bring me some more, and be somethinged to you." This weather is accountable for extreme deterioration in Fleet Street suavity, as well as in root crops, I fear.

I am afraid we daily grow too *blasé* for the simple wiles of the circus, and that the young lady of the paper hoop and equestrian feats or the much-complexioned clown with the very big voice and the very small jokes no longer fill the gaps of laughter in our unsimple lives. Here is, for instance, Hengler's, of immortal memory, going a-begging, and no one to buy it. The Court of Chancery is oppressed with it, yet no enterprising showman will relieve it of its burden. I never felt evilly disposed towards a circus, by-the-way, until last Sunday, when I ran down with a friend to a quiet village in Sussex, thoroughly jaded from work and heat, but looking forward to a quiet night's rest and a long, lolling day of nothingness to follow. Noises in the street like an invading army roused me at 4 a.m., and I pranced to the window half asleep, and deadly afraid that the French were upon us. It was a circus. Fifty-five wagons rolling over cobbled streets: a jungle full of beasts various, and about a million horses. No more sleep that morning for me. And I can only say I trust my valedictions have not taken effect, for I was very particular about them.

All who have watched the steady, though slow, progress of the movement in favour of affording to women a thoroughly good medical education will be interested to know that the managers of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary have resolved to authorise the provision of a qualifying number of beds for the clinical instruction of women students. The women students have been working in a most satisfactory way in the Royal Infirmary for nine months, but the Examining Board for the triple qualification having decided that the number of beds set aside for the women students was insufficient, the Board of Management of the infirmary intimated that the clinical teaching of women students was to be discontinued after Oct. 1.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

Amid the summer dearth of books the Burtons come as a real boon. I do not mean the "Life," interesting as it is in a highly unsatisfactory fashion, but the new memorial edition of Burton's own writings published by Tylston and Edwards. The first volumes are his "Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Mecca," and Burton never wrote anything more captivating. There his peculiar qualities as a writer of travels come out better than anywhere else, perhaps. The component parts of the book, personal adventure, description, straightforward, detailed information, and learning, are mixed so boldly, and the mixture is a rich and invigorating one. There are so many travellers who instruct, and inform, and interest. Those who excite and incite like Burton, and make a ceiling and stone walls a prison while you read, are rare, just as rare as he was himself.

He was not often rhapsodical about his experiences, but you are carried along with him when he lets himself go thus: "To the solitary wayfarer there is an interest in the wilderness unknown to Cape seas and Alpine glaciers, and even to the rolling prairie—the effect of continual excitement on the mind, stimulating its powers to their pitch. Above, through a sky terrible in its stainless beauty, and the splendours of a pitiless, blinding glare, the Samûn caresses you like a lion with flaming breath. Around lie drifted sand-heaps, upon which each puff of wind leaves its trace in solid waves, flayed rocks, the very skeletons of mountains, and hard, unbroken plains, over which he who rides is spurred by the idea that the bursting of a water-skin or the pricking of a camel's hoof would be a certain death of torture—a haggard land, infested with wild beasts and wilder men—a region whose very fountains murmur the warning words, 'Drink and away!' What can be more exciting? What more sublime?" It is not only the desert, but the whole wanderer's temper he has reflected here.

Mr. Zangwill has followed up his "Children of the Ghetto" by a few more studies of Jewish life. In "Ghetto Tragedies" (McClure) there are four sketches of modern Hebraism on its religious side. It must be said for all of them that they have intensely interesting motives, motives that appeal to the sympathy of Gentile and Jew alike. It is a pity that Mr. Zangwill is not a better storyteller. The incidents, the characters, the furniture of his tales, when at all numerous, get in each other's way. He succeeds best in a monologue or in a single-figure picture.

The second story, "The Diary of a Meshumad," has a magnificent situation. The writer of the diary is a Russian Jew, who had become a Christian in his youth for interest's sake. But just as the evening of life is closing in on him the faith of his childhood begins again to burn clearly, and old memories and instincts reassert their power. No one knows his origin, least of all his beloved and orthodox and bigoted son Paul, the leading spirit of the Anti-Semites. As his diary closes Paul's words in a Moscow newspaper have stung the orthodox afresh to harass and persecute the Hebrew population, and the old Meshumad is girding up his loins at last to do his part as a man and a Jew.

Mr. Zangwill is not yet quite equal to his subjects. But workmanship is not everything, and in these sketches, over and above the real pathos which no indifferent workmanship can spoil there are descriptions of religious ceremonies and sentiments among English and Russian Jews full of picturesqueness and human interest.

The collection of letters of James Smetham was one of the most delightful books of an intimate literary character published last year. Messrs. Macmillan have now followed up that volume by another containing Smetham's "Literary Remains," edited by Mr. W. Davies. These essays and poems have not the charm of the letters. Smetham had to be partly off his guard to be at his best.

Yet, though he was not a great critic, to judge by these essays on Reynolds, Blake, Alexander Smith, and Gerhard Dow, nor a great poet—though he was hardly a poet at all—there is no stamp of the commonplace on anything he wrote. Some little verses of a religious and reflective character, "The Rest," "Retrospection," and "The Single Wish," reveal the same singularly beautiful and simple mind, of which the "Letters" gave one many glimpses.

The essay on Blake would hardly satisfy the new Blakists. It treats him only as a poet and a draughtsman, and Smetham confesses to "an unconquerable indifference to his transcendental philosophy," and refuses any serious investigation to his mysticism at all. It is good reading for all that, and so are the other essays, for they were written by a man who loved letters and art with a true love, and who thought about them too.

Probably the Quincentenary at Winchester College is responsible for still another book, the recently published "City of Memories" (D. Nutt), by Messrs. Bramston and Leroy, for which the Bishop of Winchester has written a preface. The descriptions and sketches, antiquarian and biographical, are very pleasant and intelligently brief. They are very properly kept subordinate to the interest of the beautiful etchings and other illustrations by Mr. Roberts, S.P.E. Whether one knows the picturesque old city or not, these illustrations must be a real delight.

O. O.

We on this side of the Channel have been quite as much plagued with the swarms of wasps as you in England. The fruit-growers are complaining bitterly of the loss of the pear and apple crops for the coming season, as these greedy little things have eaten everything they came across, no matter how green and unripe the fruit might be. At Châlons-sur-Marne, an unfortunate man, Carre-Desmoulins by name, was trying to destroy a nest of these pests, when they set upon him in hundreds, stinging him chiefly about the face and head. The poor victim rushed home, and shortly afterwards expired. Not a very glorious death, perhaps, but more than usually painful, I am quite sure.

It is announced that the marriage of Lord Terence Blackwood, second son of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, with Miss Flora Davis, only daughter of Mr. John Henry Davis, stockbroker, of New York, is to take place in Paris early in October. There are to be six bridesmaids. After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom go straight to Walmer Castle, where the honeymoon will be passed. Miss Davis has enjoyed for some time past the reputation of being one of America's prettiest daughters, and being very ladylike, to use an expressive, if objectionable, word, will prove a great acquisition to English society, where she is already well known and liked. Her portrait by Carolus-Duran was exhibited in last year's Salon, and created quite a sensation, both by the young girl's good looks and the masterly way it was painted.

Among sporting men, the quarrel between M. Jacques Lebaudy and M. Dehaynin caused great excitement, both of them being so well known in hunting and yachting circles. It seems that M. Lebaudy invited a party of friends, among them being M. Dehaynin, to accompany him on an expedition to Iceland and Greenland on board his yacht, the *Fédora*. The voyage does not appear to have passed off at all pleasantly or happily, as, apparently, disputes and quarrels were the order of the day. On arriving in London on their return, they went to Victoria Station *en route* for Paris, when M. Dehaynin said something so offensive to his late host that the latter, in great anger, spat in his face. M. Lebaudy found himself knocked down in return, and a most dreadful scene ensued. The "friends" were at length separated, and both repaired to Paris by the same train, but in different compartments. A duel was arranged and fought within two days, and M. Lebaudy, being injured slightly in the left breast by his adversary's rapier, honour was declared satisfied.

The deaths of two celebrated men have, unfortunately, taken place during the past week. The Abbé Béraud, head of the *Asile du Mesplier*, near Blanzay, died at the ripe age of eighty-seven. He built with his own hands, aided by some thirty nuns, two shelters for orphans. In the great mining catastrophe of the Cinq Sous pits in 1853 he descended several times into the mine, saving the lives of many injured men and helping to bring up the bodies of the dead. He is deeply and deservedly mourned by all whose privilege it was to know this good and simple man.—The other death is that of M. Gaston Thys, who is chiefly celebrated for his picture, "Jesus Curing the Man Stricken with Paralysis," for which he obtained the Prix de Rome in 1889. He was formerly a student at the Académie Schools of Lille.

A most frightful fire broke out last week at a fair being held at Royan, near Bordeaux, which spread rapidly from tent to tent and booth to booth. Before very long the whole fair was burning fiercely, and the panic was fearful, especially in the wild beast show of M. Edmond Pezon, the celebrated lion tamer. People were hiding themselves in all directions; even the shopkeepers in the town put up their shutters and barricaded their houses, fearing the lions and tigers would make their escape. However, poor brutes, they had no chance of liberating themselves from the awful fire, and their cries and roars were almost human in their agony. Over fifty wild animals perished in the flames, the total loss of which is estimated at £10,000. The Municipal Council of Royan has voted £40 in aid of the poor showmen, most of whom are completely ruined. Other subscriptions are being started for their relief. M. Pezon's menagerie was insured for only £800, the insurance companies having refused policies for the live animals.

Baron de Courey was driving his sister-in-law and his children in his phaeton at Dourduff-en-Terre, near Morlaix, the other day, when the horses took fright, and rushed down a steep hill, overthrowing the carriage. The Baron's sister-in-law was killed on the spot, and the children and the Baron all very severely injured.

Much merriment is being enjoyed by the following incident: A well-known *viveur* was quietly lunching at home, when a *huissier*, accompanied by two clerks, was announced, who stated that he wanted to make an inventory at once, preparatory to a seizure of effects. The astonished proprietor soon saw that a mistake had been made; but, without losing countenance at all, he replied sorrowfully, "Certainly, Sir; if you like, we will commence with the cellars." He led the way, and opening the door, the *huissier* passed in, followed by his clerks, when bang went the door, and the three found themselves prisoners in a dark, mouldy cellar. Their yells of rage and threats made no impression, and there they remained for quite two hours, when the butler finally let them out, warning them to go to the right house next time.

MIMOSA.





*Burning of Feyon's menagerie*



*Looking at the messieurs in the clear*



*at the  
Garden  
Paris*  
*Villemin*

C. HENRIJON 1893



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Probably the best part of the royal wedding festivities (excepting, of course, the Special Number of *The Sketch*) was the various odes on the occasion by the various bards who are in training for the Laureateship. They delighted me much at the time; there was such hearty goodwill to say something loyal and poetical, and such frantic striving to rattle up something to say. I liked Mr. Lewis Morris's best, I remember; but I had not then seen Mr. Eric Mackay's. Both odes have been published—Mr. Morris's "By desire," and Mr. Mackay's by Lamley and Co.; but I must say that for sheer preciousness the gifted Eric bears away the (wedding) bell.

He strikes the right note even on his cover—white and gold, like a suburban drawing-room of the last generation, with a curious piece of Christmas-card vegetation bearing alternate bells and orange-blossoms. The tone thus happily caught at the commencement is kept to the close. The poetry and loyalty of the middle-class drawing-room, the art and religion of the Christmas card breathe in every one of the 363 lines. And appropriately so, for, disguise it as we may, marriage, like morality, which it is supposed to protect, is essentially a middle-class institution. Our aristocracy, in so far as it is not recruited by a judicious admixture of moral mustard-makers, considers marriage as a formality, binding only as regards externals. The middle-class peers who are occasionally created probably moderate the too sultry temperature of aristocratic morals, much as the emollient flour and the gentle turmeric pleasantly and profitably modify the mordancy of their own mustard.

Marriage, then, with the aristocrat of birth is a formality; with the frank and fearless coster it is a farce. The middle classes, however, especially tradesmen (for financiers, actors, doctors, and lawyers have interludes of emancipation), believe in marriage and domestic bliss, and are, perhaps, least distant from real dignity when engaged in doing their duty as husbands and wives. Beyond the happy home they are out of their native environment, and vice with them takes as sordid, unlovely, and unnatural an aspect as virtue with the highest and lowest ranks of society. So close is this association between virtue and mediocrity that a royal or noble personage who is conspicuously virtuous thereby acquires a sort of *bourgeois* taint. Louis Philippe had many of the virtues and most of the faults of the French tradesman, and it was precisely for this that he was expelled. Nay, among the Russians—whose middle class is but a small proportion of their numbers—a Czar may fall into contempt precisely because he possesses all the domestic virtues, and has been photographed in the bosom of his family. "His grandfather did not do that," says the moujik—possibly the grandfather would have been embarrassed by having more families than one to be photographed in.

But to return to Mr. Eric Mackay. It is pleasant to see a good man struggling with adversity; it is even more pleasant to note the skill of a cook denied the resource of meat; and these delights may be enjoyed to the full in contemplation of "The Marriage Ode," as the poet styles it—as if there were no other marriage ode in existence. I wish there were not. Here was an occasion of national rejoicing on account of an alliance desired in the interests of the country, chiefly because of the security it promised to the succession. This was a topic on which it was not well to enlarge. Again, the circumstances preceding the bridal were such as jarred with the necessary and official joy of the occasion. Therefore, the poet was driven back on the facts that the bride was very charming and the bridegroom had been to sea. These points dwelt on, the rest was, and is, bells and bosh.

But I must not be understood to say that the particular ode I have before me is uninteresting or deficient in entertainment. There is one precious passage that will be a possession for ever to the world—

There's not a flower alive, and not a bird,  
And not a woodland thing,  
And not a wandering brook that is not stirred  
With some solution of sweet euphony,  
As if the keynote of the golden spring  
Were tossed from choirs above,  
And tuned to concert pitch to rhyme with love!

True, as the ladies in "Patience" remark, "It is nonsense; but oh, what precious nonsense!" What a piquant salad of mixed metaphors! A brook is to be stirred by a "solution of sweet euphony," as if euphony were a chemical to be let off into the streams; and the "keynote of the golden spring"—golden *string* would be measurably nearer sense—is "tuned to concert pitch"—whether English or Continental is not stated—and is thereby enabled to rhyme with "love," or, in other words, a musical note, by being tuned to concert pitch, is turned into

one of the four words "above," "dove," "glove," and "shove." Rossetti and Morris (William) permit "of" and "enough" in addition, and O'Shaughnessy, led astray by their example, used "rough" to rhyme with "love"—which it does not, even when tuned to concert pitch. But the question remains—how does tuning to any pitch turn a musical note into a word?

But presumably this is some isolated aberration of poetic frenzy. Let us take another passage—

And never yet were spring-begotten flowers  
Of more entranced repute  
Than these that speak in gladness all day long  
Of love's enravishment,  
As if the lily's languor (*sic*) were a song  
Outbreathed from pure snows,  
As if the gamut of the quivering lute  
Were intermixed with intermittent scent,  
And had the fragrance of the English rose.

Angels and ministers of grace! What is an "entranced repute"? How do you entrance a repute, and what is it like after the process is complete? And if the "languor" of the lily were a song (which it is not) outbreathed from pure snows (which it could not by any possibility be), and if a musical scale were connected with a mechanical squirt (so as to be "intermixed with intermittent scent") what would happen? I don't know. I do not think Mr. Eric Mackay knows himself.

The fever of Mr. Mackay's loyalty and poetic fervour is contagious. I feel like plunging into an ode myself. It is a little late, certainly; and, besides, I did my ode some time ago; but Mr. Mackay can print my stanza in his next edition if he wants to—

Ring out, ring out, ye silver-scented bells,  
Ye dumb, derisive bells,  
In sounds that somehow seem like sights and smells,  
And fraught with fatal fire,  
And garniture and grace and dead desire,  
Enkindle and inspire,  
And waken on the welkin's wedding way  
Mild music of the meaningless Mackay,  
And gladness that his golden gloaming gives  
To agonies of aimless adjectives.

But, to speak more seriously, there is a school of minor poets, for whose existence, I fear, Mr. Swinburne is largely responsible, to whose members words are mere tokens or counters. Provided the ring be musical, they ask not for the value of the coin or whether it be of right metal. Hence, the matrimonial Mackay addresses the Deity as "Thou that hast Thy sanctum in the skies," simply because sanctum and skies begin with the same letter, and entirely ignores the merely prosaic and frivolous significance of the word sanctum in English. Words are not tokens to be stamped with the lineaments of a sovereign or the device of a tradesman, and pass for the value at which he chooses to take them. They are standard coins, whose value and fineness of metal have been worked out by the slow traffic of countless generations. Each word has its worth of meaning, due to etymology and usage; each word implies a certain number of ideas, among which the context should enable us to choose when we read. English is liable to the fault of ambiguity at all times; the only sufficient safeguard is for the writer to have his own meaning clear and distinct in his mind. But the man who uses words in such a way that they do not convey any intelligible meaning except as arbitrarily interpreted by himself is no more a poet than a coiner is a banker. The poet no more makes the meaning of his words than the banker fixes the amount of gold in the standard of money. It is his task so to deal with known values, with coins and securities whose worth is fixed by law or usage, as to produce a profit. Similarly, the artist in words has his language given him: there are golden words and words of baser metal; valuable and worthless words; but each word has, or should have, its value or values, which the writer takes much as he found them.

It is a pity that while those who imitate and debase the Queen's coin suffer for their misdeeds every man who can hold a pen or work a type-writer is free to deface the Queen's English. In old days they boiled a coiner. That was, perhaps, unduly severe; but the offender might be shut up for a few years, with a selection of French books, the works of Tennyson (except the very early, very late, and dramatic poems), Walter Pater, and Robert Louis Stevenson. No newspapers, no Ruskin, no Carlyle; and the rustic parts of Thomas Hardy on holidays.

Perhaps, on second thoughts, Tennyson would be dangerous. He is remarkable for style; but his style is too imitable, and has been too much imitated.

MARMITON.



THE ART OF THE DAY.



L'ARRIVÉE DES BARQUES.—H. W. MESDAG.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



## ART NOTES.

The palette of a great painter may naturally be supposed to have a unique interest of its own; from it he worked, and, for the time, it was the material friend from which he drew the sources of his execution. M. Beugniet, who is just dead, and who is well known in the world both of art and of letters, seems to have had a peculiar devotion to the palettes of great painters. Forty years ago he began to make his collection, which finally developed into so fine a bulk. The collection contains no less than a hundred and sixteen specimens, and one and all belonged to some of the greatest painters the century has produced. Among artists now deceased we may reckon the palettes of Corot, Delacroix, Troyon, Isabey, and Doré; and among more modern painters still

a country which well deserves all the attention of the greatest among their kind. You can drive around few places near Richmond, and, say, Windsor, without tracing the vision of a lovely view. At this point one knows that Constable saw the river, alight with the sun, trending its most lonely way through the fields of Surrey towards the sea; at another point he saw Windsor Castle between an open bower of trees, swimming in the air like a magic ship. And then one visits the National Gallery and learns, in some humble sort, how once a master so related his colours to one another that he represented such an English scene almost in perfectness upon canvases that are recommended for admiration as long as their threads will endure the course of time.

We have just spoken of the present advantage to be gained by a visit to the National Gallery. Of course, those advantages are ever with us, in



INTIMITÉ.—A. BROUILLET.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

are specimens of Rosa Bonheur, Benjamin-Constant, Munkacsy, Bonnat, and Detaille

It was but last week that we had occasion, during this amazing spell of fine weather, to refer to the artistic joy of a visit to Richmond, and the resurrection of an appreciation of Constable's rare and exquisite art. It is curious that at this very moment the voice of the artist is being upraised in the land to complain of the terrible havoc which the hand of the restorer and the champion of science is effecting in that place. And it is a voice to which all attention deserves to be paid. The wonderful foreground, which is part of the delightful view from the terrace, is about to be subjected to the ruthless hand of the builder. Petersham meadows, with all their shining distances, are about to be turned into building sites for the betterment of the pockets of such as are interested in the Dysart estate. Now, we have so few views left in and about London which are worth the visiting that the common protest which has arisen against a barbarism so patent is perfectly justified.

In fact, this is the time of year that one cares more for art outside the doors of our London houses than for art within the galleries of the town. All our most distinguished artists are, and have ever been, seeking for the inspiration of our rich and wealthy country: and it is

a sense; but at the passing moment, when all England is a-bloom with gorgeous summer—as we have remarked already—a visit to the peculiarly English sections of the gallery is particularly remunerative. At the same time, one becomes more than ever convinced of the necessity of some such gallery as that proposed by Mr. Tate, and generously given by him for the use of the nation. More than any other part of the gallery, the British section convinces one of the imperative need of time before a picture is judged worthy of a place in such a collection. There is more mere rubbish in these rooms than could be discovered, perhaps, in any two Continental galleries, set together, of a like reputation.

Almost all the news connected with the art world is concerned at the present time with facts which deal with outside excavations. These are things that never fail us. Whenever the interior art of the world seems dead and in its grave, that which has long been dead and in its grave seems to make a new resurrection. And announcement has just been made that in two places of the world there have been discoveries which are altogether engrossing and full of interest. These two places are as far the one from the other as two places, in the ordinary sense of the term, well could be. In Clayton Church—to all travellers in Sussex a well-known and beloved spot—the restoration of

its walls and its interior has laid bare a number of frescoes which have hitherto been for years in abandonment.

The fact is that many of these old churches, which, of old days, in the midst of luxury and colour, were the scenes of high and ceremonious festival, have since, by the steady and persevering onrush of Puritanism, lost their genuine beauty and interior fairness. Men who have passed

Are we to hear anything more of that famous "Duchess of Devonshire," the thief of which was rumoured to be occupying a Paris prison at the present juncture? The enterprising paper that scattered the news of the discovery, and promised us further information of an equally startling character, has not as yet seen good to enlighten us upon the subject. That is scarcely as it should be. The report was served up with so persistent and emphatic a bid for sensation that we ought not to be kept in the ignorance of utter darkness about so exciting a discovery. Mr. Agnew has, too, kept himself far in the background ever since the bruited abroad of the confession of the supposed thief; so that we seem likely to be in the presence of another mere fizzle—the explosion of a moment, with no results to follow.

The whole subject, it would seem, is about to be buried among the possible or impossible romances of the dead world. And yet the thing was full of excitement while it lasted, both in its inception and in its resurrection. When one remembers the excitement of that sale at Christie's, how it had been rumoured on all hands that the Earl of Dudley was bent upon buying the picture at all costs; how Mr. Agnew steadily bid up against the Earl of Dudley until the canvas was released to him for eleven hundred pounds; how the picture itself set the fashion of a season, and was the talk of all London; how, suddenly, it disappeared into space, with no clue to its whereabouts, with no trace of its robber, guarded though it had been by careful and vigilant watchmen—when all this is recalled to mind, one remembers that here was an incident, here was a romance which should be worth any detective's while to unravel and make clear and intelligible. And after the passage of all these years we are suddenly told that the mystery has been turned into daylight, and that a most notorious thief has confessed himself to be the author of the robbery. And then—a collapse, and the mystery is turned to night once more.

Among the latest treasures which opportunely interest in some degree the weary world of artists is a replica by Raphael of the Holy Family. This should attract to Toulon any who may be in that neighbourhood, if only to have the satisfaction of giving to the *Times*



A CAIRO COFFEE HOUSE.—A. N. ROUSSOFF.

Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, 143, New Bond Street, W.

by have gradually, but with a most persistent effort of desecration, covered the walls that once were full of beautiful colour with desolation and discomfort. It is no wonder that we of this day now become suddenly, and, as it were, almost mysteriously, aware of the lovely and graceful forms which our forefathers provided for the gratification of their own religious emotions.

The proceedings of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland are of an interest equal to the proceedings of any ordinary society which meets together for artistic purposes. And the meeting of this most estimable body, which for some time past has been the subject of conversation among all who care about practical matters in connection with art, pictorial or otherwise, has proved to be an event of exceptional interest. Mr. John Robinson, be it noted, on this particular occasion, read an account of the photographic survey which is being made of all the objects which have artistic and antiquarian interest in Ireland at the present moment. Other papers of considerable interest were read on the same occasion, papers concerned with matters rather of local interest than of world-wide demand. The usual excursions were formed, the customary outbursts of designed artistic excitement were indulged in, and, on the whole, a remarkably successful meeting was not only planned but also fulfilled.

There is a gentleman who signs himself by the simple initial "F." who occasionally confides his sentiments on art and other matters to the editor of the *World*. In reading his letters one seems to find a scent, the slightest reminiscence of those wittiest of epistles which subsequently resolved themselves into the well-known "Gentle Art of Making Enemies." The gentleman in question has really, so far as one can gather, a grievance on display. The New Gallery has exhibited a portrait of Sir John Lubbock, painted "for the London County Council," and "F." desires to know how such an expense has been incurred by the County Council; he wishes to discover whether the picture was a mere present, or whether we poor ratepayers have to make so singular an expense good to ourselves and to the halls of Spring Gardens. We also ask the question and pause for a reply.



STUDY OF A HEAD.—A. N. ROUSSOFF.

Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, 143, New Bond Street, W.

infallible proofs that it is not by Raphael. Like the famous gooseberries of huge dimensions which, at the "silly season" annually make their appearance in unheard-of neighbourhoods, so the rumour as to Raphaels each season arises, only to be contradicted.

The majority of the English artists who have been honoured with medals at the Chicago Exhibition were already so distinguished that possibly this new decoration will only be viewed with amused interest by them.



## THE M.P. AS SKETCHER.

## III.—SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, BART., M.P., G.C.S.I

The same energy which characterised Sir Richard Temple in India when Foreign Secretary to Lord Lawrence, Finance Minister for British India, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Governor of Bombay, subsequently as Member of Parliament for the Evesham Division of Worcestershire, and



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.  
SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, BART., M.P.

to-day as the Parliamentary representative of the Kingston Division of Surrey, as well as Chairman of the Financial Committee of the London School Board, may be traced in his achievements as an artist and sketcher, and it was this particular facet of his brilliant career which it was my purpose to turn to the light in my interview with him.

I might have transported you, by way of "scene" to our duologue on art, to The Nash, the family seat of the Temples, near Worcester, with its great and valuable library and its choice collection of pictures,



SIR RICHARD'S HOUSE, THE NASH, KEMPSEY, WORCESTER.

but Sir Richard's "workshop"—as he is pleased to call the library of his charming house, on the brow of Hampstead Heath, and overlooking a long stretch of country away to Windsor, where he resides during the sessions of the House of Commons—is quite as reflective of Sir Richard's individuality. Here in his library every object has a little story of its own, and is, besides, suggestive of some experience in his life interesting to recall, from the grand scenery on the frontier of Tibet painted by his own hand to the little wooden cross carved by the deft fingers of the mechanic who has played the Christus at Oberammergau. However, on coming in from his hospitable luncheon table, you naturally turn to the well-filled bookshelves, where you would at once perceive that love of method is inseparable from his love of art and literature, for among the rows on rows of volumes half-bound in white cloth with gold tooling you would find that the Parliamentary Division Lists from '85, all the "Whips" issued during the same period, "Journals of the House of Commons," with "Letters from Relations," "Particular Letters," "Congratulatory Telegrams," &c., are as systematically preserved as the morocco-bound sketch books relating to almost every country under the sun, while you would note that your host is the author of "Men and Events of My Time in India," "Oriental Experience"



RAJGARH: THE HILL OF THE KINGDOM.

(from which these illustrations are all taken), "Cosmopolitan Essays," "The Life of James Thomason," and you would remark the manuscript of "My Life in Parliament from '85 to '92," which is being placed in the publisher's hands.

"Now, Sir Richard, although I could at some other time desire nothing better than to have your opinion on the future of India, the fate of the Home Rule Bill, or the financial position of the London School Board, yet to-day I want you to talk to me about art, and I want to beg a sight of some of your sketches," I remarked.

"Well, I don't suppose my opinion on art is of much value in the professional sense of that term. Of course, I have ideas of my own, and I have endeavoured to carry some of them out with my brush. However, come into the conservatory, and we'll turn over some of the portfolios," he replied.

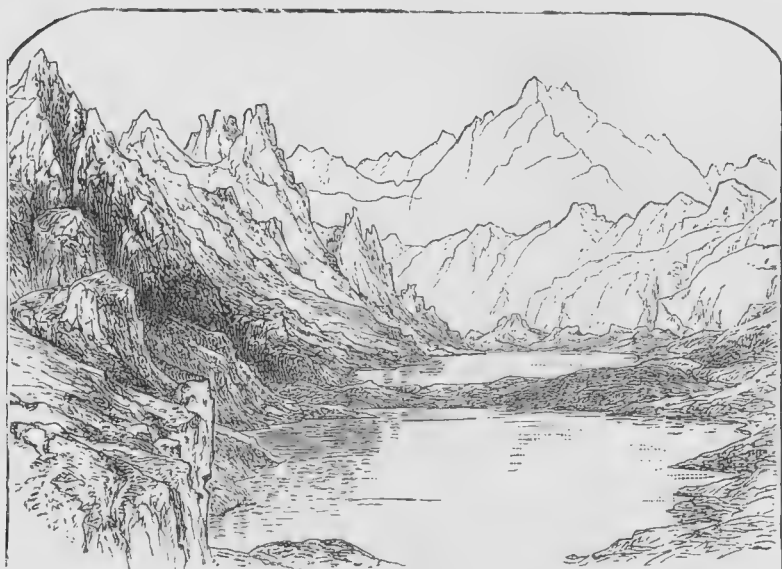
Presently we were among the grand summits of the Himalayas, before the temples and ancient ruins of India, among the olive-groves of Palestine, on the battlefields of Greece, on the shores of the Norwegian fjords, or we were journeying through Spain, Russia, and North America, until the tables began to resent the load imposed on them.

"Here, now, is a portfolio of drawings," observed Sir Richard, "which I have dedicated to Lady Temple. I have designated it the 'Periplus, or Voyage round India,' as it represents the sketches I made during a voyage with her from the snowy regions of the Himalayas to the tropics; and here is another, solely containing studies of cloudland—atmospheric effects in the Himalayas. Tennyson, hearing of these, was good enough to feel sufficient interest to borrow them, and he told me that he especially admired those which gave distant views of the

course of the Sutlej, as he said that they particularly inspired a poetical train of thought."

"And have you always confined yourself to water colours, Sir Richard?"

"Oh, no. During the latter portion of the years I devoted to painting I took up oils almost exclusively. However, I do not hold to the idea of

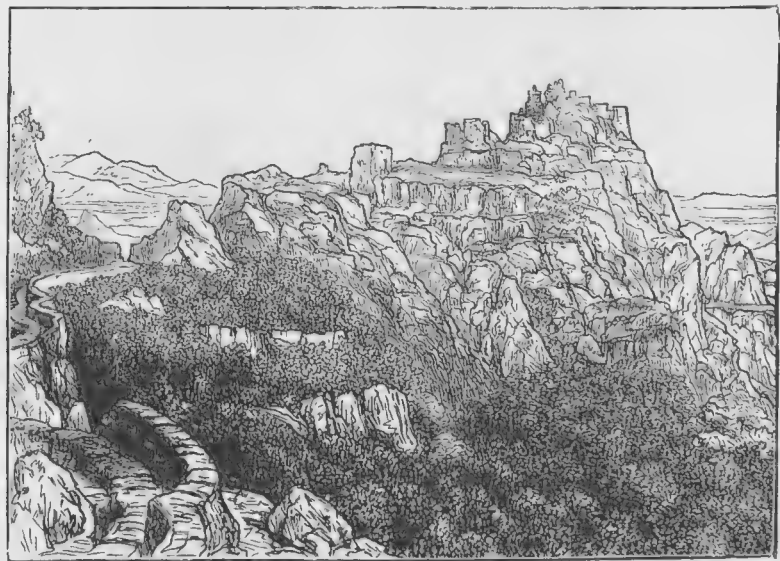


BHEWSA LAKE, MOUNT KANCHANJANGA IN THE DISTANCE.

emphasizing great distinction between the two treatments. What I mean is that I do not despise body colour in water colours, or advocate too great depth in oil painting. I think each should approach the other. Indeed, I try to avoid conventionality. I wish to paint Nature as I observe her. I endeavour to be obscure where she is, to be precise when she is definite. But the fashion seems to be to reverse the process. Perhaps it may interest you to note that in painting foliage, especially ferns, I let them paint themselves, by leaving them white, painting round the pennated fronds. I find the effect produced gives a sense of greater accuracy and sharpness. But here come some of the oils, for the best ones are at The Nash," observed my host as a servant brought a morocco book, in which the same material formed frames to the pictures. There were about twenty-five, devoted in equal number to Norway, the Dolomites, the Carpathians, the Pyrenees, Niagara, Colorado, with panoramic views of Constantinople, Cairo, and Moscow—all, as were the water colours, being executed in a truly artistic spirit, with a bold touch, yet with a delicate sense of detail, while there was an atmosphere thoroughly suggestive of the locality and of the hour and season when they were drawn.

"You must have an intense love of beautiful scenery?" I remarked.

"I hope so, but my paramount idea has always been to connect my subjects with physical or historical associations. For instance, to



BOWRAGARIH.

portray varieties of geological formation, botanical peculiarities, such as the prevailing trees in India, and spots of historic interest was always of paramount importance with me. Mere scenery was of less account in my opinion. What I especially tried to do was to paint subjects out of the beaten track—in short, unhackneyed ones."

"And are you self-taught?"

"Well, I've never been to an art school, if you mean that," Sir Richard replied, with a smile. "But I have always been a devoted student of Ruskin's works, and have based my efforts on his teaching. I have also profited by hints and suggestions of officers imbued with a knowledge of art whom I have met—for instance, Colonel Baigree and Lord Napier, both Bombay officers, Sir Michael Biddulph, Sir Peter Lumsden, Colonel Walter Fane, and Colonel Short. Besides, I have never been prejudiced against the trial of any new 'vehicle' as an adjunct to artistic effect."

"Ah, that remark reminds me to observe that there has been lately some discussion on the effect of photography on art. What do you say?"

"Well, I think it is more a question of art on photography. I have no objection to the latter, provided the operator is an artist, *bien entendu*, with a knowledge of composition, of chiaroscuro, and other conditions of an artistic picture. The photographer should no more dispense with an art education than the artist can hope to manipulate the camera and develop his plates successfully without scientific training."

"Have I not heard something about your sketches in Parliament?" I asked.

"Possibly; but those sketches are literary, not artistic, in the ordinary sense."

"Of what kind?"

"I have written a collection of character sketches of the prominent men who are or have been in the House—such as Gladstone, Chamberlain, Parnell, and so on, but I shall leave those sketches to my executors to deal with—not that there is a single word to which



JUNNAR: THE BIRTHPLACE OF SIVAJI.

anyone would object, I'm convinced. However, critical opinions of one's contemporaries are better postponed."

Presently, the fading light as palpably suggested the flight of time as did the dressing bell

T. H. L.

#### COUNTING THE COST.

He thought that he would take a week and see Chicago's Fair,  
He'd heard so many wondrous tales of marvels that were there;  
But when he came to figure up the cost of seven days  
At ruling rates he thought he'd spend his pence in other ways.

"For instance, I would better far," said he, "take all that cash  
And with it buy a tally-ho and cut a social dash;  
And then with what's left over I could build myself a house  
And hang its walls with pictures; buy a necklace for my spouse—

"A necklace made of rarest gems that jewellers can get,  
And for my little boys and girls a pony each to pet;  
And then a yacht I'd add to these, and stock it well with wine,  
And on the Turf with horses swift I'd also cut a shine.

"The balance I could then put by in mortgages and land,  
And 'mongst the multimillionaires take up my little stand.  
The interest on those dollars would provide my family  
With luxury for all their days, and so more work for me."

And so it happened that this man did not go to the Fair,  
In spite of all the wondrous tales he heard of marvels there,  
For when he came to figure up the cost at ruling rates  
He found the trip within the means of none but syndicates.

E. S.—*L.*



## THE SPIDER QUEEN.



In the deep heart of furthest fairyland,  
Where foot-of man has never trodden yet,  
The enchanted portals of her palace stand,  
And there her sleepless sentinels are set.

All round grow forests of white eglantine,  
And drooping, dreaming clematis; there blows  
The purple nightshade; there pale bindweeds twine,  
And there the pale, frail flower of slumber grows.

Her palaces are decked with gleaming wings,  
Hung o'er with webs through spacious bower and hall,  
Filled through and through with precious priceless things;  
She is their mistress and she hates them all.

No darkling webs, woven in dust and gloom,  
Adorn her palace walls; there gleam astrid  
Live threads of light, spun for a fairy's loom,  
And stolen by her slaves and brought to her.

She wears a robe woven of the July sun,  
Mixed with green threads, won from the East at dawn,  
Bordered with silver moonrays, finely spun,  
And gemmed with glowworms from some shadowy lawn.

She wears a crown of dewdrops bright like tears,  
Her girdle is a web of rainbow dyes;  
She knows no youth, nor age; the hours and years  
Leave never a shadow on her lips and eyes.

In fairy rings of green and glistening light  
Her fairies dance, in star-spun raiment clad;  
Her people do her bidding day and night,  
Her dark-robed servants toil to make her glad.



Her minstrels play to her—her singers raise  
Soft songs, more sweet than man has ever heard;  
With endless rhythms of love her courtiers praise,  
And all their heart is in their every word.

She is the mistress of all things that set  
Snare of fine webs to win their hearts' desire,  
Queen of all folk who weave the death-strong net  
Between the poppy and the wild-rose briar.

Yet sits despair upon that brow of hers,  
And sorrow in her eyes makes festival;  
The soul of grief with her sad soul confers,  
And she sits lonely in her crowded hall;

Because she has woven a web of her bright hair—  
A tear-bright web, to catch one soul; and he  
Beheld her, in her beauty, set the snare,  
And seeing laughed, and laughing passed out free!

E. NESBIT



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## A GENIAL GOSSIP.\*

In this volume Sir William Fraser unfolds another budget of interesting recollections, related with characteristic simplicity. Without any acute sense of humour, Sir William is always genial, though I have a suspicion that he was never one of those companions to whom the professional wit says his best things. In one notable instance Sir William Fraser complains of the dulness of the truly great. He saw a good deal of Thackeray, and narrates with no little spirit how he took that illustrious writer to a mess-dinner, at which the conversation was so intellectual that Thackeray afterwards expressed his deep contrition for having underrated the military mind. "I am astonished," he said; "I am bewildered; I will never write another word against soldiers." "My dear Thackeray," said Sir William, with friendly patronage, "you have described men about whom you know little or nothing." Perhaps it was the remembrance of this rebuke which made Thackeray so dull, or perhaps there was always something in Sir William Fraser's eye which kept the great humourist commonplace and abashed. "I must honestly say," says Sir William, "that I was woefully disappointed in Thackeray as regards his powers of conversation. . . . In no society in which I saw him, in spite of every wish and effort to discern what was original and worth remembering, could I find anything to repay the interest which I took in him." What a cry of despair, half indignant, half pathetic! "I listened in vain for the oracular words which I had fondly hoped would come from his mouth." On one occasion Count D'Orsay, an old friend of his, and "other distinguished Frenchmen" were present. They talked French; Thackeray was a perfect master of the language, "but no spark was emitted." I can hear Sir William groaning as he recalls these lost opportunities. "Nor, indeed, up to the time of his death was there a sentence that rose much above commonplace." It is very affecting, for I can see quite clearly that a certain dread of Sir William paralysed the author of "Vanity Fair." Calling on a publisher, he remarked the red and white of the carpet, and observed grimly, "It is most appropriate. You wade in the blood and brains of authors." But had Sir William Fraser been there, Thackeray would have said some uninteresting thing about the difference between Turkey and Kidderminster.

Another novelist for whom Sir William had a great personal esteem was Bulwer Lytton. There is much of Lytton's conversation set down, but he would seem to have been rather subdued by his critical admirer. On arriving at Knebworth Sir William remarked that the silver plate, of which there was a good deal, "was better cleaned than I have seen it elsewhere." One day Lytton distributed the prizes to the Herts Yeomanry, and the "whole scene, as I said to him, was precisely like a page of 'The Caxtons.' . . . Lord Lytton requested me to address the Yeomanry. I did so." One of the visitor's inquiries was whether his host "never entangled persons on the railway, nor elsewhere, in conversing on the subject of his various romances"; another was whether Lytton had any difficulty in talking to several women at once. These friendly hints that something sparkling was expected do not appear to have been very successful. "When Policy and Revenge unite they are irresistible," said Lytton once under severe pressure. "There are two amusing stories, however, about his wife. When Lytton went down to his constituents to be re-elected after his appointment as Colonial Secretary that injured lady appeared on the scene. "She was dressed in a complete suit of deep yellow, this being the colour of my political adversaries. . . . Her voice was loud, her tone menacing. . . . I leaned forward, placing my right hand to my ear, The first articulate words I caught were 'Monster! Villain! Cowardly wretch! Outcast!' I said, 'Madam, allow me to ask your name.' 'My name, you fiend! . . . I am your wife! Now, you scoundrel, don't ask me who I am. I am told you have been sent to the Colonies; if they knew as much about you as I do, they would have sent you there long ago!'" The other tale is told by Lady Lytton of the time when her husband was shut up in his chambers in the Albany, engaged on a book, while his family were at Teddington. He wrote impassioned letters about Solitude, his only companion. Lady Lytton called at the Albany unexpectedly. "I found my wretched husband's statement was partly true. The monster's only companion was Solitude, but Solitude was dressed in white muslin, and was sitting on his knee!" Sir William Fraser caps this with a delightful story of Brigham Young and "The Lady of Lyons." Young took his wives to see a performance of Lytton's play at Salt Lake City. "When the agony was piled up, he rose, and, followed by his spouses, left the theatre, exclaiming, 'I won't stand such a damned row being made about one woman!'"

Incidentally, Sir William undertakes the vindication of Nelson, whom he regards, not only as a naval hero, but as a man of surpassing intellect. The unfortunate affair at Naples is treated as redounding to Nelson's credit. Lady Hamilton is invested with an aureole of virtue, and Horatia is decided to have been the child of neither. Sir William sees in Nelson's portrait eyes "looking into futurity, not with the abstracted expression of a poet, but of one whose looks penetrate further and more deeply than the rest of mankind." I don't know what even the greatest of naval commanders has to do with futurity, but I sadly fear that had Lord Nelson come under Sir William's mesmeric spell he would have appeared as commonplace as Thackeray.

On Wellington this mysterious fascination was apparently never tried. Undisturbed by its influence, Wellington told a story which reached Sir William through a dean. In the Peninsula the British Commander-in-Chief had occasion to make a personal reconnaissance one morning by crossing a stream in a small boat. On the opposite bank stood an Irish sentry, and when the boat could not give the countersign the sentry's musket was levelled; but luckily he recognised Wellington in time. "God bless your crooked nose," he called out, "I'd sooner see it than tin thousand min!" But Sir William had an opportunity of trying his peculiar magic on a blameless foreign nobleman, Count Strzelecki, whom he introduced to Gustave Doré with the remark, "You remember Count Smoltork's introduction to Mr. Pickwick." The Count's visage "changed in the most terrible manner; his eyes seemed coming out of his head; he started back, and gave me a look in which deep disgust and violent anger were closely mingled." This shows the explosive properties of the most harmless literary allusion.

It is impossible to turn over these pages of kindly gossip without a very cordial feeling towards the author. Many of Sir William's philosophical remarks irresistibly recall Colonel Newcome's views on literature and morals. There is a passage about Swift which is very like the Colonel's criticism of "Tom Jones," and the rebuke to Thackeray for hinting that woman is not always angelic recalls the homily which the good old Anglo-Indian delivered for the edification of Warrington and Pendennis. "An author who appeals to a vast and general public like Thackeray should feel that impairing the ideal conception of woman is like suggesting scepticism to the female mind." Let flippant cynics ponder this and reform.

L. F. A.

## THE PASHA AND HIS FORTY WIVES.

One day, when I was at Constantinople, I asked a Turkish Minister if it was true that the Sultan had turned his back on the Triple or Quadruple Alliance, and had given in his adhesion to the Franco-Russian instead. He replied that the policy of the Porte was to flirt with all the Powers without attaching itself to any one of them, and to declare confidentially to each sovereign that it preferred him to any other. "It is the system of Ahmed Pasha," he added, "and it is best for the preservation of the peace of home. By-the-bye, do you know the story of the Pasha and his forty wives?" And he went on to relate what follows.

Ahmed, a sturdy fellow from Anatolia, had covered the person of the Sultan with his body in a riot of the janissaries. This act of devotion had won for him the eternal friendship of his sovereign, who showered untold wealth upon him, and in the end made him a full-blown pasha.

Having to spend his days in a vast *konak*, which was put at his disposal by the Commander of the Faithful, Ahmed Pasha found the means of improvising a Mohammedan paradise on a small scale. He had four legitimate wives and thirty-six odalisques, or slaves, who were ready to obey his every caprice.

This motley household—you would hardly believe it—was, nevertheless, the most peaceful in Stamboul. Jealousy did not make consumptives of a portion of these young creatures, as was the case in other harems. They never had recourse to those magicians who boasted their powers of divining the favourite, whether by shuffling the cards, or throwing beans, or counting the beads of a chaplet, or looking into a well, a mysterious book, or the hand of the subject. They never crossed the threshold of Duyumlu Hodja's cabin to ask him the secret of gaining the exclusive affection of their husband, nor did they visit the house of the witch to whom public opinion attributed the gift of warming anew the heart of the lover, by placing close to the fire a plate on which she wrote down cabalistic letters. They did not seek to rid themselves of their rivals by uttering charms on a lock of their hair, the parings of their nails, or the rents in their garments, nor in seasoning with witchcraft, if not with poison, their food and their drink. This unalterable peace was the topic of all the neighbourhood, and the old Turks shook their heads, being unable to penetrate the mystery. One of them had the courage one day to ask the secret from the Pasha. He answered with a smile, "I have a talisman, it is true, but it will only be known when I die."

The happy mortal was pleased to call together from time to time his forty houri to the salon of the *haremlik*. While puffing away at his chibouk he passed them in review; he looked as proud as a cock in his hen-house, and said, laughing to himself, "You are all beautiful, *mashallah*, but my heart belongs to the one who has the turquoise ring. She alone is my favourite." And each one answered with a cunning smile, "Dear Pasha, to whom, then, have you offered this ring? I would have given up everything to be in her place!"

But it is written that everything shall come to an end in this vile world. One night a great commotion suddenly roused the whole quarter. Ahmed Pasha was dead, and his forty wives heaved piteous sighs over his corpse. "Ah!" cried a Georgian woman, "I shall not be able to survive my poor Pasha. He had forty wives, but he told me over and over again that I was his only favourite, and as a proof of his predilection for me he handed me in secret this turquoise ring." And she took the precious talisman from her pocket. At these words each of the thirty-nine widows displayed a similar ring, and declared that the deceased made the same declaration *tête-à-tête* to her. The stratagem of the old fox was unmasked, but too late to alter his happiness. He had lived forty years in the society of forty rivals, and the peace of his harem had not been disturbed for an instant.—M. T.

\* "Hic et Ubique." By Sir William Fraser. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.



MISS JEANIE BURGOYNE AS MAZEPPA AT THE NEW OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL.



## A CHAT WITH THE WORLD'S FAIR MAYOR.

"Sit down a minute, until I can talk to you." I sat down, and Mr. Carter H. Harrison went on disposing of a bunch of callers and a bundle of letters.

Ah, perhaps Mr. Carter Harrison needs a little introduction, though I had dropped in on him without one. He is the Mayor of Chicago;



Photo by Brisbois, State Street, Chicago.

THE MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

has been mayor oftener than Dick Whittington was Lord Mayor of London. There is a certain connection between Dick Whittington and Mr. Carter Harrison. One is a picturesque figure in history, the other a picturesque figure in American public life. It is doubtful if Dick Whittington was so bright, so all-round a mayor as Mr. Harrison, but that is a trifle.

Essentially, Mr. Harrison is the "man for Chicago," as Charley O'Malley, the Irish dragoon, was the "man for Galway." By this is meant that he is the man for all occasions—can flatter a Spanish princess or put a globe-trotting duke at his ease.

As I sat there watching the Mayor in his shirt-sleeves—think of the Lord Mayor of London in his shirt-sleeves!—I thought of several things which had been told me: of how Mayor Harrison burned an alderman's whiskers—actually, not metaphorically—when the alderman had tired out his patience. Pistols and coffee and an ambulance were not ordered for next morning; instead, everybody laughed, and all the papers set out the incident in big type and an illustration. When Mr. Harrison runs for mayor again that little matter will get him ever so many votes. It's the way in the "wild and woolly West."

Then I recalled that when President Cleveland opened the World's Fair Mayor Harrison had an experience out of which he only could have come with dignity. The President was starting from his hotel to the World's Fair grounds. He proceeded to walk downstairs to the carriages waiting at the door, and Mayor Harrison followed a little later in the elevator. Now, the elevator went wrong somehow, got stuck half-way, and there was the Mayor of Chicago hanging, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth. "Hello!" shouted the President from the doorstep: "come on, Carter. What are you waiting up there for?" By-and-by the Mayor got down, looking as if he had arranged the whole thing—not an inch of his mayoral dignity gone. Lastly, I thought of the sacrifice Mayor Harrison made for the Infanta Eulalia of Spain when she visited Chicago. He had worn a big-brimmed wideawake hat all the days of his life—it made part of him. But clearly that would not do for the Infanta. So, after sleepless nights, he screwed up his courage to buy a silk hat. Unfortunately, the sacrifice did not end there. His poetic locks interfered with the appearance of the silk hat. So pruned they had to be. Again the papers set out the incident in large type and an

illustration, and Mayor Harrison in a "plug" was to the populace a much finer sight than the Infanta. What would Chicago be without "Our Carter"? What, indeed? Imagine Battersea without John Burns and you can understand.

"Now, then, what do you want to ask me?" said Mayor Harrison, a whiff of long, blue smoke issuing from his cigar. He smoked a cigar as well as worked in his shirt-sleeves. Dreadful for a mayor, but, then, 'twas Chicago. The callers were gone for the minute, and he had got through the last letter in his correspondence.

"About a subject," I made answer, "which will be quite new to you—about Chicago."

"A new subject, certainly. What can I tell you in reference to it?"

"Only this—your views upon the future of Chicago. What is it to be?"

"I have travelled a good deal, and seen not a little, and it is my sincere belief that Chicago will be one of the largest cities in the world—possibly, in course of time, the largest."

"Naturally, I would like your reasons for saying that?"

"Several reasons cause me to express that opinion, and first take the situation of Chicago. It is situated right in the centre of the largest grain field in the world, and the cities immediately surrounding it furnish the bulk of the breadstuff America sends abroad. When a city gets to a population of a million and upwards the problem of feeding that city is one of considerable importance. London draws her food supplies from ever so many lands, some of them far away—from the United States, from Russia, from India, from Australia, and so on. Chicago can not only reap grain for the world, but she can herself live on what remains over. Then look at the water communication Chicago has by means of the great lakes and the Mississippi Valley, and think of the coal, the iron, and the lumber, all so easily accessible. In fine, we have at our very door all those things for which London has to scour the wide world."

"And your argument is that, such being the case, Chicago simply must grow and grow?"

"Quite. Recollect her enormous growth in the past, within an exceedingly short period. Mind you, too, her growth has not been a mushroom growth; she is not fed and supported by fortuitous circumstances. Her growth is solid. The largest populations of the world naturally spring up in a belt of the country where the vicissitudes of climate are most marked. In Chicago you need three different kinds of clothes—winter, spring, and summer clothes. So our population employed in the manufacture of clothes alone is enormous, and must grow ever larger. Take Chicago's manufactures generally—stoves, for example—her shipping, and, in another direction, her advances in education. Everything points, as I have said, to Chicago becoming one of the largest cities in the world."

By this time another roomful of folk were waiting to see the Mayor, so, as they put it "out West," I "skipped," taking with me, though, nothing more valuable than his Honour's portrait.



A REAL CHICAGO SKY-SCRAPER: THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## AN IMPULSE OF PASSION.

BY E. S. CURRY.

"Damn you! will you gi' it me or not?"

"No."

The answer came firmly from the girl's set lips, but her face was white with fear.

"Then take that!"

The boy—he was scarcely a man—raised his hand, and with a savage blow on her shoulder brought her to the ground. He glowered at her

They had married at eighteen and nineteen. One day, standing at a street corner, he had won a small bet. That was the beginning. The downward steps followed. He left off giving her the best part of his wages; the nice furnishings of the "home" were parted with. Then he drove her back to her factory work, and when the baby came the home was given up and a "furnished room" taken. Yet she went on loving him.

The man, dashing along the dark streets with the fury of thwarted greed in his heart, almost unconsciously drew the folds of the old grey gown closer round his living burden. The wind raged, the rain pelted down. But when at last, buffeted by a wilder blast, he dashed into the bar of a public-house and unfolded his bundle, the child, rosy with



*He glowered at her as she crouched expecting another blow.*

as she crouched expecting another blow, and spurned her with his foot. Then he looked round the room. It was a "furnished room," as that is understood by the poorest. It held very little—a table, two chairs, and a bed on which a few shabby clothes lay strewn about.

Suddenly, a slight movement among them caught his eye. With a fiendish look on his face, he took a stride or two, lifted an old gown and the baby it covered, turned, and went out of the room.

She remained as he had left her for some minutes trying to recover herself, gathering back the stricken love—as women will whose idols are broken—with thoughts of past tenderness and care. At last she rose and went to get comfort from her child.

sleep, was warm and dry. The passion of the man possessed him too strongly for any softer feeling to have place. Throwing down his last coin to pay for the spirits he called for, he darted a fierce glance round the bar.

"Pretty, ain't she?" he said savagely; "and a pretty mother she's got—her!"

The child—a baby of about six months—lay on the counter, its little pink night-gown, fresh and clean, revealing the dimpled limbs beneath, shining in the gaslight. It still slept. Little damp rings of soft hair framed the innocent face; the dark fringe of eyelids rested in the peace of angelic slumber on the soft, blossom-like cheeks. Oh, the pathos





*She entered every public-house she passed.*

of childhood! Who can withstand it? The rough men drew round admiringly. A woman, arrested in the act of putting a glass to her lips, gazed yearningly.

"Pretty — ain't she?" the father said again, savagely. "Well, I'll sell her! What'll you give?"

There were murmurs and cries of "Shame." But the man was a stranger here, and these folk pitied him. They thought his wife's wickedness had driven him mad.

"No bid? Then she shall go to the work'us'. They'll take her in if I ring the bell and leave her—eh?"

He glanced round again and again to fold the old grey gown round the dimpled limbs.

His roughness roused the baby. She stirred, and, raising her eyelids, disclosed clouded, sleepy eyes of deepest blue.

There was an exclamation from behind. A big carman pushed through the group.

"Here! give us hold!" and he flung down a sovereign.

In another minute the unhappy father had dashed again through the swing-door, and, with a brain on fire at the touch of the gold, was rushing through the pitiless storm to the places where he was known.

In a poor room, in a little out-of-the-way court, not yet improved

out of existence, a light was shining. A couple were hanging breathlessly over the sleeping baby, whose flushed face, wet with tears, bore thus early the sorrow that is the lot of all the poor. Its soft breathing was still occasionally broken by sobbing sighs—those pathetic sighs of babyhood—but the little features were gradually settling down into the calm of unconsciousness.

"Eh! it is a pretty dear," the woman whispered. "But its mother, Tom? My heart feels for her. Poor thing! she can't be bad, to have tended it so well. Poor thing! Poor thing!"

"It's ourn now?" the man questioned uneasily. "I give nearly all my wage for it. How'll you manage, Mary? I didna think. It just came across me how glad you'd be when the chance came."

"I'll manage—no fear. We don't owe nothin'. Poor babe! poor babe! Eh, man! but I hope its mother's heart don't ache for my gladness."

The night wore on. Far away, the mother hurried through the wet, wind-driven streets. After her first frantic cry on discovering her loss, she had given no voice to the passion which filled her. Scantly clad, her fingers holding under her chin the shawl she had thrown round her, her dark eyes shining under their heavy brows—up and down she wandered.

She entered every public-house she passed, gazing round with an appealing question in her wild eyes which touched many. Drink was offered her. She shook her head.

Again she slipped out into the wide, wet thoroughfare, where the rain was blown along the ground by the eddying gusts. On she went, a blurred, indistinct figure, crossing the reflections of the gaslight on the wet stones.

She had lost herself long ago, and when the lights disappeared one by one in the houses, and even the flare of the public-houses was extinguished, she grew a little frightened at the darkness through which the buffetings of the storm were dragging and hurling her.

She turned up a narrow archway to recover her breath. Creeping along in the stillness away from the storm, her passion lulled, and she felt how worn out and exhausted she was. A low moan broke from her lips as she paused inside a quiet little court, and leant—a slim, girlish figure—against the wall. A thin streak of light from under a door shone on the wet flagstone. Tremblingly, she felt in her bosom for the little wage, paid that day, which had roused her husband's greed. Near were warmth and companionship, at least, and she could pay for them. Eagerly her fingers felt about the doorway for the latch.

Then a baby's cry—sudden, sharp, insistent—the cry of the animal hungry for its mother, broke the air, and with an answering cry of bewildered rapture the girl flung herself into the room.

A man, heavy with drink, fell on to his bed. And his waking, in the sullen grey of the dawn, in the deserted room, with its haunted memories of wife and little tender babe—who can picture its despair?



*His waking, in the sullen grey of the dawn, in the deserted room.*

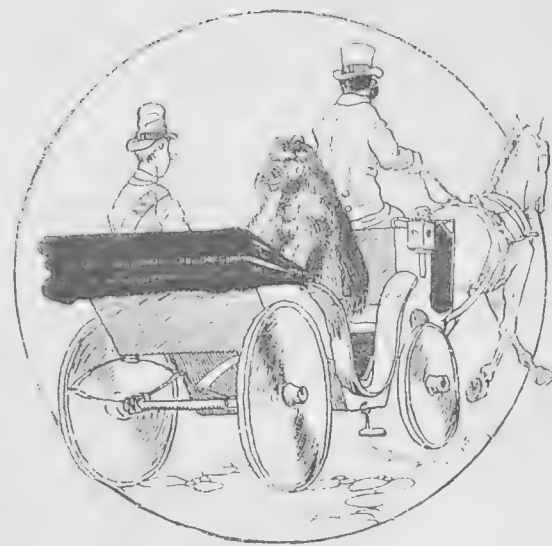
THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



MISS VESTA VICTORIA

SINGING "I'VE GOT A LITTLE CAT, AND I'M VERY FOND OF THAT."





#### A TRUE AND TOUCHING TALE OF A BEAR.

"Recently, an amusing incident occurred in the Champs Elysées quarter. A man named Haja, employed by M. Marseille, a wild beast tamer, thought he had a right to add to his wages by exhibiting his master's bear in the streets. With this object in view, he installed the bear in an open cab, and, taking his seat beside the animal, told the coachman to drive to the Champs Elysées. The vehicle reached the Avenue Victor Hugo followed by a crowd of boys and young men, who by their derisive shouts attracted the attention of two *sergents de ville*. They stopped the cab, and after ascertaining the truth one of them got into the vehicle and ordered the cabman to drive to the nearest police station. The presence of a stranger beside it so excited the bear that by its swaying backwards and forwards it very soon upset the vehicle. The merriment caused by the sight of the cabman, the *sergent de ville*, and the tamer sprawling on the ground, with the bear almost under the upset cab, can be easily imagined."—*Standard*.



JOHNNY (IN BACKGROUND · "I-I-I'M NEXT!")





1 Little Maid reads, "Treat animals kindly, feed them well, and you will earn their everlasting gratitude."



2. So she turns the Cow to feast for herself in the turnip-fields, and thus saves the labour of digging and cutting turnips for her



3. Puts the Cat in the Creamery.



4. Lets the Poultry into the Kitchen Garden to eat the grubs.



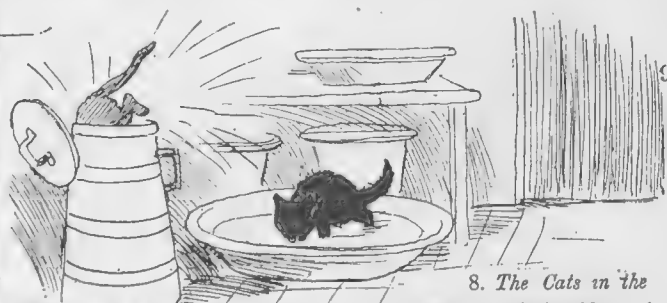
5. And turns Bill, the watch-dog, loose to take a walk.



6. But Bill goes for the Cow, who has uprooted half the turnips.



7. Fur and feather meet and discuss several debatable topics with some ardour. N.B.—There is plenty of chicken, young and old, for dinner.



8. The Cats in the Creamery Their idea of earning everlasting gratitude.

9. Then Little Maid turned over a new leaf in her book, and read, "But animals, above all things, should be kept in their place." And she felt sorry.



Louis Wain.



NEW CURATE: "Oh! my boy, can you tell me where naughty boys who fish on Sunday go to?"  
 THE LITTLE HEATHEN: "I ain't goin' to tell yer. Jist yer bait yer own place for yerself."





"AT LAST HE "GAINED HIS EAR."



A SERENADE.





DEPARTING VISITOR: "What the devil's this? Candles two shillings? Why, I never even lighted one!"  
WAITER: "Then it's only eighteen pence!"



AN IMPRESSION OF MISS CISSY LOFTUS.



## BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*The Otter Hunt  
as a Form of  
Training.*

Otter hunting is now in full swing, and, with scarcely an exception, hounds seem to be doing well. If a man were to come to me to-morrow and ask for advice as to the best way to shake off the effects of City life and get into training for, say, a bit of rough travel or big game shooting abroad, I should unhesitatingly say, "Take ten days otter hunting." I don't think it would be possible to give better advice. The very points that tend to prevent otter hunting from ever being popular with the many are just those which contribute to make it the best beloved sport of the few, and, *par excellence*, the best training for more serious work. It is the sport of the early riser, and the man who means to be up and fit betimes must make a point of getting early to bed. Then the circumstances of the hunt itself. The long walk, sometimes, to the meet, the exercise all day, the keenness and concentration essential to a proper appreciation of what is going on, and the long—often very long—tramp home—all these must be of immense benefit to the wits, wind, and limb of any man.

*Cold Water  
Objections.*

Of course, one of the chief objections which most persons bring against otter hunting is that it is such wet work. It is strange how fearful people are of cold water. I remember being much amused on one occasion by the answer of a rustic to whom I had recommended a cold bath as a cure for a certain malady from which he suffered. A cold bath? Not he. "If I get into cold water," he said, "as soon as ever that gets up to my ankles, that makes me hockett"—meaning, I suppose, hiccough. But I fancy it is a dread of rheumatism that haunts many would-be otter hunters. Well, honestly, I don't believe that cold water, as such, was ever a cause of rheumatism. It is in the possible after behaviour that the danger lies. If a man, after wading about in water all day, will sit in wet clothes; if he has not sufficient strength of mind to resist the tempting offer of a lift home, well, then he deserves to suffer. But masters of hounds know better than that. Do you know a master or whip that suffers from rheumatism? Look at the example of the most distinguished master of otter hounds of our century—the late Mr. Edward Collier. It was no uncommon thing for him to tramp twenty miles out, and nearly twice as many home. And his faith in cold water as the panacea for every ill was boundless and unshakable. Is it not on record that when, at an advanced age, he for the first time in his life was attacked by something that looked like congestion of the lungs, and threatened to end very seriously, he took the law into his own hands with absolute success? For, while they were gone for the doctor, he had himself conveyed in a chair to the river, and set down in the stream with the water up to his chest. How long he remained there I do not now remember, but the following day the old man was out hunting again, absolutely and entirely cured.

*The Compleat  
Angler.*

"The mere joy of living" which Browning sings was surely never better instanced than in the life and writings of old Izaak Walton. Indeed, it seems to me that if there is one lesson more than another which we owe to him it is not what to fish for and how to catch them, but just this—namely, contentment. That he was alive and that life was so beautiful, so sufficient in its supply of happiness—this is the leading thought with which his writing rings. Without this sense no man, he would tell us, is worthy to be held a "Compleat Angler." And (all sermon-preaching apart) I often think we want a little more of this spirit in our sports. In fishing, especially, one but too often meets with envy, jealousy, and all uncharitableness. Any man who moves about much must be struck with this. It is a great pity. It tends to restlessness and dissatisfaction. And in the case of fishing it is peculiarly inappropriate. For if there is one form of sport which is in itself instinct with peaceful influences it is this, "the contemplative man's recreation." In the music of moving water, in the life of the fields and hills, in the grace of sunrise and the glory of evening, there is a power to charm a man from all the worries of his working day, and to show him cause for contentment in simply being alive. This was the lesson old Walton had learnt, this is the lesson his anniversary should leave.

*Terriers.*

I wonder if anyone now remembers the beginning of the fox-terrier in this country. It is really extraordinary the way in which he has extinguished the old black-and-tan. I am sorry for it. I like the old English terrier, and I always feel drawn to the few remaining specimens which I happen to know in certain country inns. The name fox-terrier presupposes a dog that can bolt a fox; but half the terriers now about are quite too big for this purpose. I confess that I don't think much of them. They are plucky, but they—the smooth kind—are not hard enough. I always feel that the best terrier going is the hard-haired Scotch. They are built the right way to start with. Low in the leg, strong in the jaw, immensely strong in the loin and quarters, insensible to wet or cold, they are fitted for this or for almost any other work. They are splendid water dogs and amazingly clever. As an instance of their extraordinary activity, I may mention that one I happen to know amuses himself by running the red deer in a certain park. Bringing a stag to bay, he will run right in underneath the antlers, so that the stag cannot reach him. Sometimes it seems that the dog must be trampled to death when the beast strikes at him with his fore feet. But not a bit of it. His agility is equal to everything, and he emerges "smiling" when he has had enough.

## PUTTING PANTHIERS THROUGH THEIR PACES.

## PROFESSOR RICARDO'S TROUPE AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.

Lofty flies, dim and gloomy passages, a motley collection of stage paraphernalia, ghastly figures arrayed to the order of their turn, flitting about to the call of the stage-boy, a group of half-sleepy terriers, greyhounds, ponies, and self-conscious specimens of mongrelhood, ever on the *qui vive* for passing recognition, a huge cage on wheels boxed up at the extreme back of the immense stage. These are some of the impressions behind the scenes of the Royal Aquarium Great Central Stage. Not that everything is disorderly, but all must be on the spot for the time being, ready to go on at a moment's notice.

From the wings the performances become accentuated, the terriers seem to go through their work with an added vigour to what is apparent from the front of the house. The ponies appear more graceful, the greyhounds more lithe, and the mongrel intelligence is perfectly human. The goat alone waits for "what next," then lapses. How quickly time flies! The big drum booms from the front, the cornet announces the side shows, the clock times the water carnival, an unearthly splash the fall of the roof diver, and then follows on the never-ending turns, till the big cage is rolled down the stage to face the glare of the foot-lights, and the snarling, spitting troupe of panthers and leopards are put through their paces by the masterhand. With all the *man* in him, his quick, incisive, instinctive movements pass all but unnoticed, except to the weather eye; his pupils move to the sway of his hands—slinking, crawling, snarling through their work, ready, the moment the hold is off them, for any treachery. They vent the spite on each other which they would fain mete out to their master. With the curtain they are banished to their gloomy quarters again.

One is curious to know a little about Professor Ricardo, and while the heat of his work is on him he is nothing loth to satisfy our questions. With eyes brimful of memories, and sparkling with a strange fire, he rattles through some experiences.

"Queer pets, Professor."

"Yes," says he; "rather, and the very nastiest to deal with. Every animal is a crank in his way, and you have to find out each one's particular idiosyncrasy, and either bring it out or keep it firmly under control. Master Prince there, the elder of the panthers, has an especial predilection for getting up rows on any and every occasion possible. The depth of his cunning is measured only by his artfulness in carrying out his plans. Consequently, one must always be there to check-mate him at every turn and corner. His companion is the best antidote I could possibly have if things look queer for me; for, mind you, if a panther once makes up his mind he is deadly; nothing on this earth will turn him from his purpose. He is lightning itself personified in realising his intentions. I pet his companion; that makes him jealous; he forgets me, and goes for the object of my attentions. He can't remember his original game after that, and I slip him through his work right off the reel. Once he flew at another panther in a fury while I was in the cage, and pinned it by the throat. I fairly lost my temper, and tried to pull him off. Leave go? Not he. That panther was a corpse in two minutes, and all because it would not do its share of the work. They are the most difficult of all animals to train. These come from India, and are nine years old. I bought them in their savage state two years ago. The groundwork of training them is to supply them with an artificial instinctive memory. I tackled Prince first. My man was at the back of the cage, and out of sight, ready to distract his attention by banging on the boards. I was arrayed in a leather coat and jack boots, carried a stout wooden shield on the left arm, and a light riding whip in the right hand. I entered the den for the first time looking over my shield. Phew! All the cruel devilry of the beast became apparent. The whole body to the tip end of the tail literally clutched at the ground. He came slinking along, and in an instant was at me. Bang came his nose on the centre of the shield. That opened the ball: snarling his silent snarls, and rumbling with suppressed rage, he came at me blindly again and again. I had to be armed at all points, and up and down in an instant, to know where he was, and how he was coming at me instinctively, without looking, in case an instant's uncertainty should put me on the wrong side of circumstances. I kept at it for half an hour, and for half an hour of every hour by the clock, ten times a day for seven months, before I dare trust to his memory lasting."

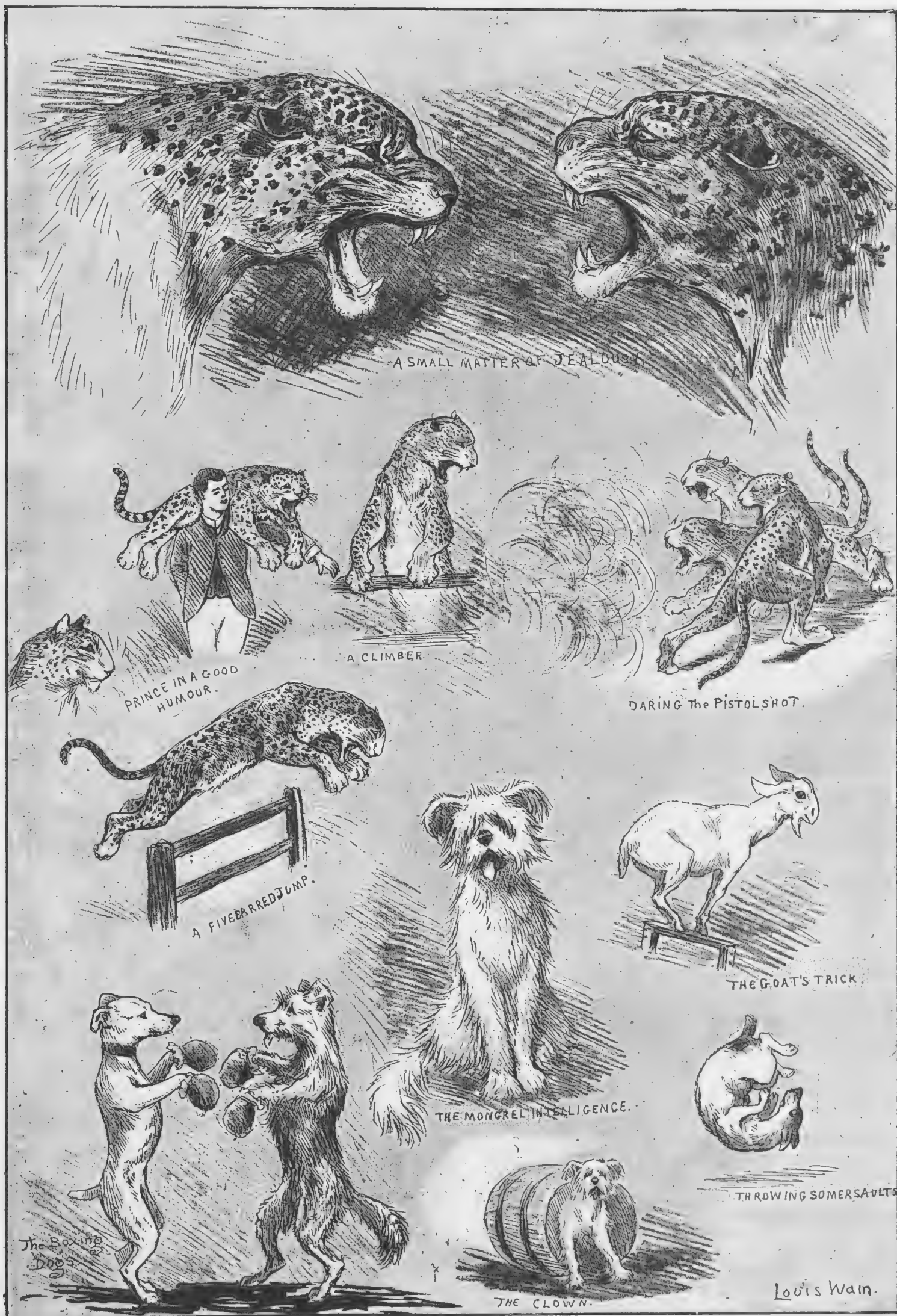
"That is what the public would like to see, Professor."

"Yes; but there is nothing like a woman's shriek to unnerve a man under those circumstances."

"Practically, Professor, the human will gradually asserts its power over the savage brute instinct, and that is the lever force of your power."

"You've hit it; the panther does not understand being had at his own game, and he does not like it. He will *spoon* you one minute and fox you the next, but you must always be up to him, a bit in advance, as it were, or—phew! Pit the whip against him and you will have to go on whipping till he downs you—that's the straight tip; but puzzle him, and he will feel your power. For instance, when I first entered the den without the shield he crawled as far off as he could, and tried to efface himself; he didn't know what was coming, he remembered our first meeting, and feared a trick. To this day he believes I have got a trick up my sleeve. Yet in his way he likes me, and we have a sort of intuitive respect for each other's powers."

L. W.



AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.

## MR. GUS ELEN.

When I came away from visiting Mr. Gus Elen in the Kennington Road I felt the satisfaction of having made the acquaintance of an artiste, ingenuous and unaffected. Although he is in the first rank of his



Photo by E. Sharp, Upper Street, Islington, N.

MR. GUS ELEN SINGING "E DON'T KNOW WHERE 'E ARE."

calling, he seems scarcely to realise his position; well, anyhow, he does not put on a lot of "side," and give his friends occasion to say that "e don't know where 'e are." He was a little too diffident with me; but then I have a rather exacting partiality for egotistical people. I think this same diffidence is real in Gus Elen, for he is a little bit sensitive to either praise or blame. A favourable notice in a first-class newspaper sends him up to the seventh heaven, and a censure is a real unkindness to the ardent nature which makes him a perfect enthusiast in his profession. I think he is very fortunate in having a very pretty and very able adviser always at his elbow. Home criticism is not always served up "minced," and, although it may not be always easily digested, it is, paradoxically, often very salutary. A sensible man always listens to sense, and I am quite sure that a "bicycle made for two," on which Mrs. Elen is just now insisting, will certainly be bought.

When I called on him, Gus Elen had just come in from a spin on his "byke," accompanied by his black retrievers, Ponto and Tiddles, whose condition just now is a matter of the highest importance, against the approaching shooting season, for Gus is a bit of a sportsman.

"Well, Mr. Elen, I went to hear you sing last night at the Tivoli. That 'Catch 'em alive, oh!' song is capital, especially the verse suggesting that your fly-papers have been nearly all bought up to serve as pitch-plasters to gag a certain party of politicians—that fetches the audience immensely."

"Doesn't it just? As a matter of fact, my papers aren't really sticky. Look, here are some of them, for I prepare them myself, and always have to keep a supply against accident. You should just see some of my fellow-artistes getting out of the way of the papers for fear of soiling their clothes."

"But I like the 'Covent Garden Porter' song even better. The chorus, I venture to think, will have a long existence."

"When 'e's up at Covent Garden you can see him standing all alone,  
Won't jine in a quiet 'Tommy Dodd,'  
Drinking Scotch and soda on his own;  
Has the cheek and imperdence—  
To call his muver his ma.  
Since Jack Jones come into a little bit of coin,  
Why, 'e don't know where 'e are."

"Yes, I expect it will. And I'll tell you one reason, because the sentiment of antipathy to snobbishness is universal. Here it finds expression from the mouth of a real street character. No, he's not a regular coster, he's a porter; but that makes no difference. What I always aim at is the genuine reproduction of real characters, not the fancy portrait such as we've seen a good deal of lately at the halls. As I say in the chorus of a song I often sing—

"Yes, it sounds so very pretty in a sweetly warbled ditty,  
With footlights, limelights, pearlys to the ground;  
Now I give yer all my word, it's a fable wot yer've 'card,  
For there ain't no coster like it to be found."

"I'll tell you what pleased me very much was your stolidity of countenance, a sort of wooden expression, which always overspreads the face of the singer in the humbler ranks of life."

"Ah, you noticed that; now I am really glad, for you've seized just what I was aiming at. Do you know, I've actually been called a morose singer! But I think that remark would only be made by one who has not been observant of the type of class I endeavour to represent. Oh, yes, I shall give a series of character sketches by means of songs. There's some one besides the coster in the streets into whose mouth pathos and music can be put. For instance, the lavender-seller; you'll see at once how redolent his stock-in-trade is of sentiment and tender memories. Even the dustman's calling affords a subject not ill-adapted to music."

"With what song did you make your first mark in London?"

"Oh, with the 'Donah,' at the Trocadero. I don't sing it so often now. You may remember the refrain"—and Mr. Elen hummed—

"Never introdooce yer donah to a pal,  
'Cos the odds is ten to one he sneaks yer gal;  
'E'll stand 'er wheelks and porter,  
And on the sly 'e'll court 'er—  
Never introdooce yer donah to a pal.  
Take my tip,  
Allays keep yer blinkers on yer gal."

"That was a most charming song. I confess it fetched me immensely."

"It fetched everybody. 'Countesses sang it, duchesses hummed it, and earls whistled it.' Please see my advertisements. Oh, I'm a demon



MR. GUS ELEN.

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at advertising. I believe in it, and I fancy I've got a little bit of inventive ingenuity in that direction."

"And did you compose any of the songs you sing?"



"A few. I daresay you have no conception of the number of songs in my repertory. Look, here is a book of them with over forty. If you want variety you should drop into one of the provincial halls, where I sometimes give six or seven a night. Here in London you can't squeeze in more than two 'turns.' I'll tell you what I had a hand in to save you the trouble of searching the book. I wrote and composed 'It was Gone,' which had a great success. Then I composed 'The Ghost,' in which I appeared in a three-cornered seventeenth century hat from a hollow trunk of a tree during a flash-light. It was an idea of my own. I found the song made an admirable contrast to

## ALL ABROAD.

We have hardly time to learn the name of the French Premier before he resigns. Just at present M. Charles Dupuy holds this position. He has been visiting Vichy, and the mere fact that the Russian Ambassador "amicably took the Prime Minister by the arm and spoke with him for some moments apart" has been solemnly recorded.

There is a refreshing sincerity about M. Dupuy, who addressed his fellow-townsmen in Le Puy, "where every paving-stone must know me." The French Premier said he wanted to meet his playmates and schoolmates (a distinction with a difference), and his old friends of every age, and live over again those years passed among them by the son of a process-server, who is now head of the Government. "I went," continued the statesman, "to the high school in my humble blouse, and brought back prizes for attention and hard work. They were the prelude in a lowly sphere of the proud position I now hold." Bravo, M. Dupuy!

The German Emperor lost no time in entering Berlin after his brief holiday. His Majesty headed the 4th Regiment of Foot Guards on their arrival in the capital from Spandau. He accompanied the regiment to their new barracks, and addressed a few manly words to them.

Prince Bismarck, whose post-resignation speeches would now fill a substantial and far more interesting volume than a collection of his official orations, has been discussing dynasties. "Let us suppose," he said to 600 Bavarian schoolmasters, "that all the dynasties in Germany disappeared. Do you believe we should remain a united people? I do not think so. I do not believe that even Prussia, firm though the joints are which hold it together, would continue to exist without a dynasty." Then the ex-Chancellor curiously remarked that "dynasties are the senate of the nation, and, as means for the unification of the nation, are necessary." In the case of Prussia this might be true, but it cannot be considered an irrefutable argument.

Sunny Spain has been experiencing heat of the most excessive nature. Londoners who have been sweltering with the thermometer at 80 or 90 degrees in the shade should console themselves with their happier lot as compared to Madrid, where 112 degrees in the shade have been registered lately. Owing to the lack of water some villagers have wetted their winnowing floors with wine! This will give some idea of the condition of things.

Politics in Japan are quickly imitating European examples. Orators are actually "on the stump" through the country, and great excitement attends their efforts.

Mr. Le Myre de Vilers, the French Minister Plenipotentiary, is on a diplomatic mission to the King of Siam. One of his requests is for the granting of a concession to construct a canal across the Malay Peninsula.

Divorce in Burmah is said to be very rare. One of the reasons given is "the extreme evenness of temper which characterises both sexes." Another cause of the general marital felicity may be found in the fact that the wife is usually prepared to take a share in supporting the household, and thus she has gradually acquired a position of independence not always enjoyed by married women elsewhere. They are evidently sensible people in Burmah.

The re-opening of the Comédie Française after their London visit took place last Wednesday in Paris, and attracted a great crowd. The unfortunate resignation of Mlle. Reichenberg has been much discussed.

The award of the Tribunal of Arbitration constituted under the Treaty concluded at Washington, Feb. 29, 1892, between the United States of America and her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—to give the official designation of the same—was published on the 15th. Five out of the seven arbitrators decide that the United States of America has no right of protection or property in fur-seals frequenting the Behring Sea islands, when such seals are found outside the ordinary three-mile limit. In this decision, as may be expected, the dissentients are the American arbitrators. Generally speaking, the award on the basis of international law is in Great Britain's favour. Nothing remains but to bury the quarrel both quickly and finally.

Floods in Upper Hungary and Galicia have recently caused both loss of life and destruction of property. They would be welcome, in moderation, in Great Britain, where drought is being seriously felt.

The Argentine Cabinet has collapsed, and some uneasiness prevails at Buenos Ayres.

The young and ardent Czech party are now demanding that even the sign-posts of all towns where Czechs preponderate should be inscribed in that language. The Hungarian Prime Minister, a man of great ability, has just been visiting the Emperor Francis Joseph at Ischl.



Photo by E. Sharp, Upper Street, Islington, N.

MR. GUS ELEN.

a coster song, for instance. 'Down the Dials,' of which I was also the composer, 'caught on' immensely, and only yesterday my wife and I heard some children singing it near Charing Cross Station—

Down the Dials—Seven Dials—  
We can knock the stuffing out of old St. Giles;  
For the laws we all have broke 'em,  
So we're used to picking oakum,  
Down the Dials, down the Dials, down the Dials.

Another general favourite for which I am responsible, in as far as I suggested it to Charles Osborne, is 'The Haunted Idiot,' and with which I toured the provinces to storms of applause. At South Shields it had a special illuminated transparency advertisement."

"I suppose you had the usual struggling career in your early days, Mr. Elen?"

"Certainly; no man more so, perhaps. It's a long way up the ladder. However, I'm not yet thirty-one, so I have not done so very badly. My old dad was always saying that I was mad to take to the business. I only wish he were alive now. Oh, no, I'm not ashamed to tell you that I commenced at 'sing-songs' and 'free-and-casies,' and sent the hat round. In those days I took only as many shillings—aye, and for that matter, pence—as I do pounds now. I think there is one subject my employers would agree on, and that is that I've always worked 'on the square,' and have always put my heart into my business. I've never looked back, and I should like to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to my old friend Sam Redfern, who gave me a shove ahead at a critical period of my career. I shall never forget his kindness."

T. H. L.

## MDLLE. RAPIN.

## PRINCESS MAY'S LATEST PORTRAITIST.

I must admit (writes our representative) that I felt somewhat nervous at the prospect of interviewing the armless young lady whose chief claim to fame was, as far as I knew, the fact that she had painted a



MDLLE. RAPIN (SKETCHED BY HERSELF).

portrait of the Duchess of York with her feet, Nature having forgotten to endow her with arms. It was, therefore, with some trepidation that I sent up my card to Mdlle. Rapin. A moment later I was being ushered by the smiling Phyllis into an airy studio sitting-room, and I found myself in the presence of Princess May's latest portraitist, a pretty, dark *Suisse*, whose girlish figure was clad in an ordinary tweed skirt and a short cape, which entirely concealed anything abnormal; indeed, it was not for some time that I discovered that, instead of wearing shoes, her feet were thrust into loose sandals, which she quietly slipped away when sitting down.

It should be clearly understood that, quite apart from the interest which must naturally attach to the conditions under which she is obliged to work, Mdlle. Rapin's artistic achievements would command admiration in any London or Paris studio, both by the vigorous power displayed in her drawing and pastels, "where," as she remarked later with a sigh, "it is so easy to be *flou* and weak," and also because of her excellent colouring. She has several times exhibited during the last three years in foreign galleries, where the fact that the pictures sent in had been painted

by the artist with her feet was not told lest it should favourably influence the feelings of the jury.

"I am the only one of my family," she said, in answer to a question, "born without arms, and, curiously enough, it never occurred to my parents that my feet could in any way supplement the deficiency till I was about six months old. My mother was standing with me in the garden, when suddenly I stretched out one of my feet and broke off with it a branch of flowering lilac and proceeded to pluck off all the petals with my other foot, exactly as an ordinary baby would have done with its mischievous little hands. You may imagine what joy this gave to my poor mamma. She immediately ran in to my father, who was working in his study, and told him what had happened. They there and then determined to try and see whether I could be made to use my feet as well as if they were hands; therefore, the tops of my stockings were henceforth always cut off, so as to allow my toes full play, and by the time I was three and a half my mother had taught me to knit. But I must confess to you," added Mdlle. Rapin, smiling, "that I am somewhat annoyed by the way in which people talk of all this, as if it was such a wonderful thing. You see it is quite as easy to me to write with my feet, lift a thing up, sharpen my pencil, &c., as it would be to you to do all that with your hands"—and, suiting the action to the words, she deftly took up a pen from the floor, where it had been lying when I came in, and proceeded to write in a clear feminine hand half-a-dozen sentences on a piece of note-paper, which lay close to her foot. A moment later she had quickly lifted a book from the table, and was turning a leaf with extraordinary rapidity with her great toe, much as any of us would do with our thumb were we engaged in seeking out a particular sentence.

"And what made you take to drawing, Mademoiselle, for surely that



BAS-RELIEFS OF A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER BY MDLLE. RAPIN.

is the very last accomplishment one would have thought your friends would have intended teaching you?"

"My friends had nothing to do with it," she replied quickly; "even as a small child I always had a pencil between my toes, and I took to art as a duck does to water. I entered the principal studio in Geneva as a pupil at the age of about fifteen, and worked exceedingly hard, going through the whole of the regular course, including that of anatomy, which is especially interesting to me. As you can see," she continued, glancing at several bas-reliefs which hung round the room, "I went in at one time a great deal for sculpture; but I must admit I did not like it nearly as well as my dear pastel, for the clay is so sticky, and dirtied my feet unnecessarily; but still I have been very successful with some of my bas-reliefs, and I am always willing to do a portrait in that medium if my sitter desires it.

"When did I begin exhibiting? Some three years ago, when I was nineteen. My first work was shown in Swiss exhibitions, but since then I have exhibited at Berlin and several other Continental towns, though not yet at the Paris Salon. During the great French Exhibition of 1889 I spent some very happy weeks absolutely inside the Champs de Mars, close under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, in the Press Pavilion. It was then that the article appeared about me in the *Paris Figaro*, but all the journalists with whom I came in contact were very kind to me, and during that short sojourn in Paris I did the portraits of M. Berger and M. Constans, the Minister, as well as that of Jules Simon's son, M. Gustave Simon, and Mdlle. Monod, the daughter of the famous Protestant pastor of that name."

"Then you make a specialty of portrait painting?"

"Certainly; nothing interests me so much, and I am said to be very fortunate in my likenesses. Perhaps you have seen my portrait of the Duchess of York at the Imperial Institute, where it has been shown among her wedding presents?"

"I should like to ask you, Mademoiselle, how it came about that you painted Princess May?"

"The Duchess of Teck knows one of my friends, who suggested the idea to her; but I was very unfortunate, for I hurt my right foot just as I was starting for England, and therefore had to delay doing the portrait



BAS-RELIEF BY MDLLE. RAPIN.

for three months. When at last I came, the charming Princess was in the midst of her wedding preparations, and though she gave me several sittings at White Lodge, I had to manage as best I could. You cannot imagine," Mdle. Rapin added enthusiastically, "how kind and sweet both the Duchess and her daughter were to me; indeed, the former declares it the best likeness of Princess May ever done, and she is going to keep it as a memento of her daughter's girlhood. I believe it is also the only portrait of the Duchess of York in which she is taken in a hat; she herself chose the costume, and gave me considerable help with several clever suggestions."

"And pastel remains your favourite medium?"

"Yes; I think that one can produce effects with coloured chalks which cannot be obtained with either water colours or oils, though very often my portraits, especially those of men, have been supposed to have been done with the latter medium. Then I am very fond of black and white; for instance, that portrait of a gentleman with a fur coat and a cigar in his hand, Count S——, the last descendant of the kings of Poland, who now resides in Geneva, and who has kindly lent me this portrait to show in England, has been one of my great successes, and attracted considerable notice at the Berlin Exhibition. When I have time I shall try and do a large composition, but at present my portraits keep me pretty busy; even since I have been in England I have received several orders."

"And how do you like England, Mademoiselle?"

"I am delighted with everything. I expected to find heavy fogs, more or less permanent, but it could not be finer weather were I back on the Lake of Geneva. And your National Gallery, what beautiful things there are there! I cannot say that the Academy impressed me so much, but still there was much that interested me. Do I like going about? Well, it tries my feet a great deal when I have walked a long way. Just think how you would feel if your hands were suddenly thrust into ordinary boots; but I suffer no inconvenience. People very seldom find out that I have no arms, and you would be amused to hear that on one occasion a new servant did not discover it till she had been three days in the house, although she had been warned about it before coming. 'I cannot make out,' she observed to one of my sisters, 'how people can say that Mademoiselle Aimée has no arms: she sits up at table and drinks out of her cup, like other people.' For, you know, my body has remained so supple that I can do literally anything with my feet, even curl my hair," and she laughed gaily. "And when my right foot was hurt for three months I managed to paint a portrait with my left one."

#### FIN DE SIÈCLE FUN.

"A fine old gentleman!"—you know the sort—  
With courtly air and consequential port;  
In dress fastidious to the last degree,  
But favouring styles of some past century;  
One to whom all the past might hold was sweet,  
Old saws, old jokes—he lived on *Chestnut Street*—  
All things to bygone standards he referred,  
And "the old school" was his familiar word;  
He loved to gibe at "this degenerate age,"  
Firing some special volleys at our stage,  
Citing the elder Booth, Macready, Kean,  
With lesser lights his favoured eyes had seen.  
Thus at his club—the oldest in the town—  
Life's daily doings met his nightly frown,  
Until his friends, as low their patience ran,  
Resolved to trap the "fine old gentleman."  
So on a night when he was at his worst  
And the whole modern universe accursed,  
When dinner served as olden times approved,  
Was under way, the soup but just removed,  
A well-instructed steward brought the fish;  
The "fine old gentleman" essayed the dish,  
Then, all disgust, at cook and waiter both  
He fiercely launched a fine old-fashioned oath.  
Whereat the servant, bowing humbly said,  
"The dish for your special taste was made,  
For"—with a wink at those who chose him too—  
"That mackerel, Sir, was one of 'the old school.'"

E. A. C.—*Life*.

#### IT WORKED BOTH WAYS.

SHE: "Does the fact that I have money make any difference to you, dearest?"

HE: "Of course, it does, my own. It is such a comfort to know that if I should die you would be provided for."

SHE: "But suppose I should die?"

HE: "Then I would be provided for."

#### LOST IDEALS.

"For a bar-room! What a shame! Why, when you came back from Paris you said you were going to paint religious subjects."

"I did, but no one bought them. It soon came to a choice between painting prettier girls with less clothing, or going without clothes myself."

#### OFF RYDE.

SCENE: The deck of the yacht *Semiramis*.

HE (*lolling on deck chair*). I can't think what you see in that fellow Bourget; I never could read him.

SHE (*without looking up*). You should buy a translation.

HE. Thanks! Intrigue at three francs fifty—and a death in a convent. I learnt it all with my catechism.

SHE. And I didn't; but I'm making up for lost time.

HE (*rolling cigarette*). In my opinion, no woman who respects herself should learn to read French, she should confine herself to speaking it—

SHE. Badly—that's what most of us do, with bewitching unintelligibility.

HE (*pursuing his thought*). Unless, of course, she reads for her husband. That's a good idea. Get your wife to do your reading in the same way that she leaves your cards. (*With sudden inspiration*.) What's the book like?

SHE. Delightful! I'm just at the second lover, and the convent looms up in the distance.

HE. Good old convent! Some of those books ought to be published by the Church and Stage Guild; you always get the combination in Bourget; I wonder he doesn't give us a monk for a change. That's another good idea. Let the wife with the two lovers turn serpentine dancer, and put the men in a monastery. By Jove, I'd a good mind to write a book myself.

SHE. I wish you'd let me read one.

HE (*yawning*). Was I interrupting you? I'm awfully sorry. You must put it down to that paper boy. He promised to row off with the *Sportsman* before twelve.

SHE (*sarcastically*). What is life without the *Sportsman*?

HE. Quite so; a man must do something to kill time, if it's only to go through the Bankruptcy Court. Do you know, Jack Haley told me a week ago that he'd tried most things in life, but the day of his public examination was the best time he'd ever had. Now, he says, he's exhausted all the pleasures, and will have to become a correspondent in sheer self-defence.

SHE (*turning over leaf*). How interesting!

HE. That's what I say, and here's a poor devil like myself stuck on a yacht—

SHE (*quickly*). And condemned to talk to your wife.

HE. No, my dear, I didn't mean that. It's a jolly change, of course. We never see each other during the season except at breakfast, and now we're in for a quiet month (*yawning*).

SHE (*reproachfully*). It was your idea, you know.

HE. Was it? I forget. But didn't I suggest asking Dick and his wife?

SHE. Nothing of the sort. You mean that I wanted to invite Captain and Mrs. Smythe, and you wouldn't hear of it.

HE. That's quite right. We haven't had a holiday together for three years. Don't let's spoil this one by asking strangers.

HE (*after a long pause*). I believe I can see that boy. He's just coming off—yes—no—no, I'm hanged if he is. I wonder where the young devil's got to?

SHE. Perhaps he's reading your paper.

HE. That's the education curse again. If I had my way, I'd keep the population at large illiterate. What a heaven life would be if women could only make their mark!

SHE. Some of them do, and get sixty pounds a week as stars.

HE. You're unusually charitable. Now, for my part, I always value a woman, not so much for her educational attainments as for—well—for—

SHE. For what she's Worth, with a big W.

HE. Ha, ha! For what she's worth. I'll remember that. Let me see—how did you get it off?

SHE. Couldn't you possibly find a book?

HE. Awfully sorry; I'd forgotten you were reading. (*Rises and goes to bulwarks*.) Where the deuce is that boy? (*Stretches himself*.) That's the worst of being four hours from a club. (*Sotto voce*.) Now, if only Mrs. Dick—by Jove, there is the boy; and who's he got with him? Why, it's Smythe—damn his impudence! (*Aloud*.) I say, Letty, here's that fellow Smythe coming off in a small boat.

SHE (*rising quickly*). Captain Smythe! Oh, I am glad! And he's brought the second post. We'll have some fun, after all.

HE. Halloa, Smythe! who'd have thought of seeing you?

SHE. How good of you to come, and bring the letters too!

SMYTHE. The second post was just in. They knew I was bound on board, so they asked me to bring your bundle.

HE (*reading a letter*). I say, Letty, Dick can't come; but Mrs. Dick will be down by the 2.30.

SHE. Indeed!

HE. We shall have a jolly day, after all. Look here, suppose we all dine at the hotel—there's a dance there after.

SHE. Oh, yes!

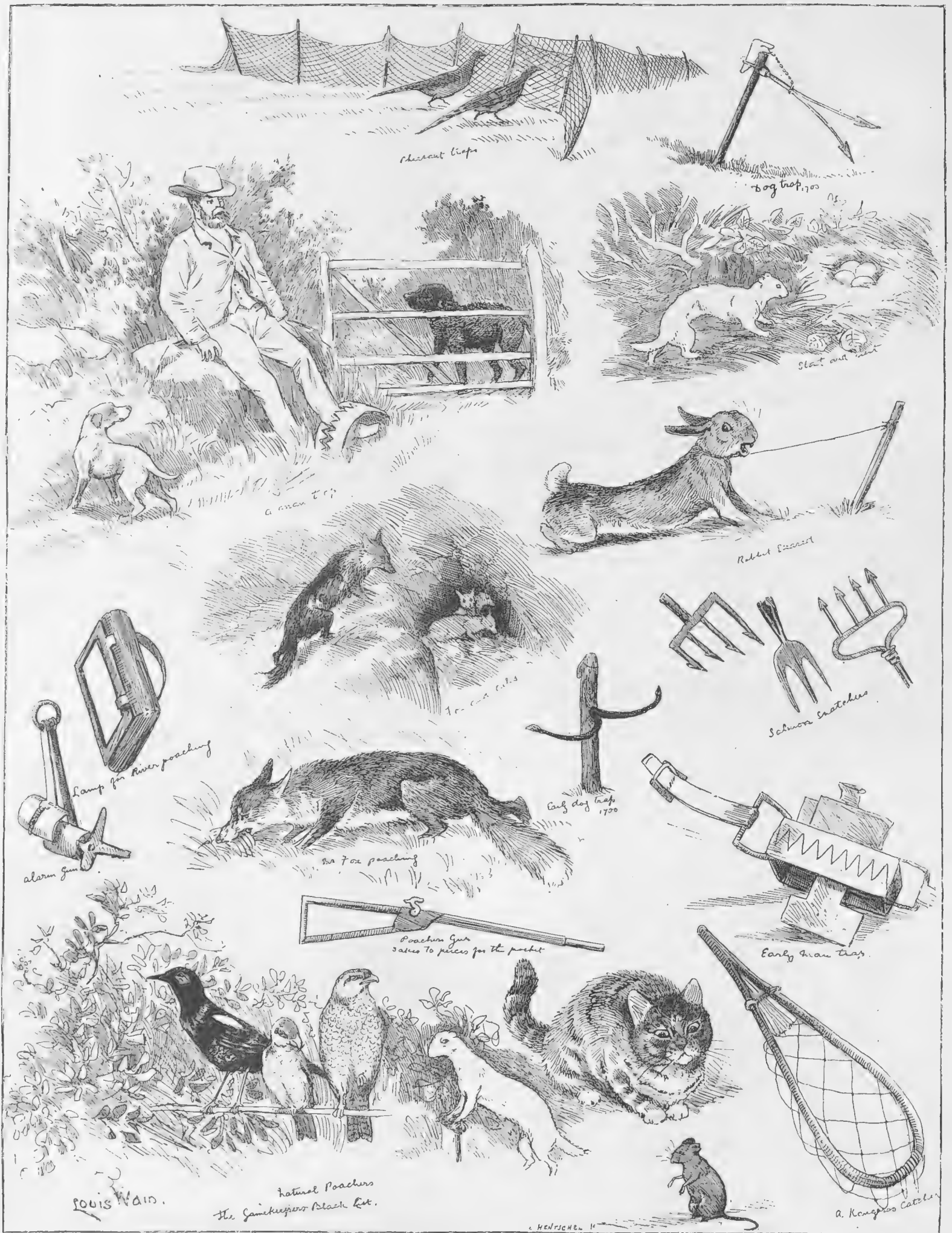
HE. And I'll meet the 2.30 while you order the feed. Where's the boat?

SHE (*to Smythe*). What a perfect day!

(*They go aboard the boat, and are rowed rapidly towards the beach.*)

MAX PEMBERTON.





## POACHING AND POACHERS.

FROM THE SPORTS AND PASTIMES EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

## POACHERS AND POACHING APPLIANCES

Poaching and trapping animals is a fine art, only to be acquired by those who are intimately acquainted with the instincts and habits of the animals they desire to capture. One man will set a dozen rat-traps about his grounds, and will rarely, if ever, ensnare a single animal. Others, who know the instinct of the rat, will make sure of their victim on their first essay. All our readers know the ordinary spring rat-trap called a gin, with its two arched iron jaws, which spring together when the treadle is pressed upon, and seize in a relentless manner the limb of the captive. Wishing to capture a rat, the setter innocent of the instincts of the animal proceeds to tie some bait upon the treadle. This at once excites the suspicion of the wily rodent, whose hereditary intelligence has been sharpened by the long years of persecution by man, and he declines the snare. The experienced rat-trapper never baits his trap, but, setting it in a well-selected place in the run of the animal, and scattering over it a few grains of mould or husks of grain, rests confident that, if well placed, the rat will run over it and be caught. Suppose the rat is in a room, this little gin is placed in the angle between the wall and the floor unbaited, and, as the instinct of the animal leads it always to run in concealed places, a sloping board is placed over it, under which the rat is almost certain to traverse and be caught. This illustration may serve to show how greatly the knowledge of the habits of the animal tends to success in its capture.

Commencing at the top of our page of illustrations, we see a trap used for the capture of pheasants, which consists of two long, extended wings of netting meeting at an acute angle, where they terminate in a tunnel of some considerable length, also formed of netting. Pheasants, like fowls, are birds that can be driven, and the gradual and slow approach of the trapper drives them between the extended wings, and they pass on into the tunnel, when they are rapidly driven forward and taken out alive or dead, as the case may be, at the other end. At the right of this sketch may be seen what resembles a couple of barbed arrows that form a dog spear, which used to be set in the narrow paths in the pheasant coverts by the gamekeeper, so that the poacher's dog running through the paths impales himself upon a spear. It is needless to say that the enmity of the keeper to the poacher was as great as that manifested to his dog, and before the practice was rendered illegal by special Act of Parliament man-traps were not uncommonly used. They were precisely of the same construction as rat-traps, only on a scale of magnitude sufficient to hold the greater animal. A clumsy form of them in use during the last century is shown on the lower part of the page. The individual who is represented with his foot caught in one of these monstrous contrivances is drawn as if the whole matter were merely one of temporary discomfort, but the man-trap, such as is represented, would in reality maim the victim for life.

A small but nevertheless destructive poacher, known as the stoat, which may be characterised as a kind of wild ferret, is represented attacking the nest of a wild-bird. In one respect our drawing is faulty. The stoat always has a black tip to the tail, which, when the animal becomes white, as it does in northern countries by the cold of winter, constitutes the ermine. The tip of the tail is usually set in the middle of the white fur. Beneath the stoat we have the figure of a rabbit, wired. This is a most destructive way of capturing hares and rabbits. A loop of soft, flexible wire is fastened firmly to a peg thrust into the ground, and supported at the proper height by another split peg. This deadly contrivance is set in a run frequented by the hares or rabbits, who use the same paths repeatedly. The head of the animal goes through the noose, which is drawn tight by the speed with which it progresses, and the capture is effected. Not unfrequently this wire leads to the capture of the poachers themselves, for the keepers, going their rounds, find a rabbit snared, and quietly secrete themselves out of sight, until the owner of the wire comes to take possession of his spoil, when, possibly, the representatives of the owner of the rabbit proceed to defend their master's property, and a fight, which not unfrequently ends in the loss of life of one or more of the combatants, takes place.

The most destructive rabbit poachers, if such a term may be applied to them, are, however, protected in most counties by the English gentleman. Without foxes there can be no fox hunting; therefore, the fox and her litter of cubs are allowed to poach and kill as many rabbits as are necessary for their sustenance. If rabbits are sufficiently numerous, foxes prefer them to other food; but a good keeper knows how to rear his pheasants without suffering much from vulpine depredations.

Poaching, however, is not confined to land animals. When the salmon ascend the rivers to the spawning grounds, if the water is not sufficiently high they assemble in shoals at the foot of any waterfall or other obstruction. At such time nothing is easier than transfixing them with barbed spears, such as are represented in our sketch. Of course, the fish are very much injured by this mode of capture, but still they have a saleable value which renders them desirable to the poacher. The men who were engaged in salmon spearing had to hide their lights from the keepers who were on the watch, and the small pocket lantern that is represented on the opposite side of the page was used for that purpose.

At the foot of the page is represented a number of what may be termed natural poachers. These it is unfortunately too much the habit of the gamekeeper to destroy without the slightest compunction, and the result is sometimes most disastrous to the agricultural interest.

During last year whole counties in the north were devastated by the ravages of a small, mouse-like animal, the field vole. This animal is about four inches long in the body, and only one inch in the tail, hence it is often called the short-tailed field-mouse. It breeds repeatedly in the year, feeding on the succulent roots of the grass, and in many places is so numerous as utterly to destroy the pasture. So terrible were its devastations that the Government sent a Commission over to Thessaly last year to investigate a proposed method of destroying these animals by inoculating some of them with a fatal infectious disease, and turning the victims down among the others. The plan, as might have been expected, proved a failure, and the money spent on the Commission was wasted; but the Board of Agriculture have just issued a small pamphlet on the field-vole and its natural enemies, in which they very conclusively show that if the gamekeeper and the landed proprietor would allow the short-eared owl, the kestrel, and the smaller seagulls free access to their land without slaughtering them in the senseless manner which is now the case, field voles would be much less numerous in these countries than they are at present. Rooks also do excellent service in turning up the shallow nests of the vole and destroying the young, and the weasels, which are the smallest of the tribe, are the most persevering enemies of small rodents, killing many more than they devour, which is really done out of blood-thirstiness.

## LADY MIGNON.

The subject of the sketch is the beautiful rough-coated St. Bernard Lady Mignon, the property of Mr. Samuel Jagger, Honley, near Huddersfield. Mr. and Mrs. Jagger have been well known breeders of St. Bernards, but for the last six or seven years have been content to



Photo by J. Bamforth, Station Road, Holmfirth.

LADY MIGNON.

keep only one or two for household pets. Feeling that their cup of earthly happiness was incomplete without following their favourite hobby, they set about finding one of the best of the "holy breed" from which to re-stock their kennels, as well as to take the place of a favourite and noted brood bitch, Mirza, one of the best daughters of the once famed Bayard. Mrs. Jagger spotted Lady Mignon at Bath Show before she was judged. Though but eleven months old at that time, her perfect markings, beautiful colour, high type, and magnificent head, expressive of kindness and high intelligence, were too tempting to the eye of a St. Bernard fancier. Just then Lady Mignon was not to be had for love, and scarcely for money; but Mr. and Mrs. Jagger possessed their souls in patience, and eventually secured Lady Mignon from her owner, Mr. Green, Fretherne, Stonehouse. Her litter brother, Councillor Joe, a grand young St. Bernard of the highest type, also accompanied his sister to her new home.

Lady Mignon is by Captain Hargreaves' Sir Hereward, a magnificent dog, never beaten on the show bench.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

Long shall the tale be told, yea, when our babes are old, how England beat Australia. It was at the Oval, on a hard, fast wicket that W. G., representing the Old Country, beat Blackham in the spin of the coin, and along with Stoddart was promptly defending the stumps against the twin demon trundlers Turner and Trumble. The whole match from start to finish would afford a nice chapter on the eternal topic of "what might have been." For instance, if Trumble, in the slips, had stood a yard further to the right, Grace would have been out from the first ball he tried to get away. If Trumble had only held the palpable catch that Stoddart offered him when the Middlesex amateur had scored a single, or if Trott had taken a fairly easy catch from the same batsman after he had scored five, or if—but why multiply instances? Deducting the ifs, that great, unalterable fact remains that England beat Australia by an innings and 43 runs.



W. G. Grace batting.

On the English side all were heroes, more or less. If there be one exception, it was, perhaps, Mold of Lancashire, who did nothing whatever to justify his place in such company. No one expected him to make runs, and he did not disappoint them, but one might have expected him to do a little better than get one wicket for 85 runs. The best batting display, without any doubt, on the English side was that of F. S. Jackson, of Yorkshire and Cambridge University. Oh, how he likes the Australian bowling! In the first representative match this year, on a difficult wicket, Jackson knocked up 91. In the match at the Oval, the other day, he placed 103 to his credit before he was run out. There was something dramatic in the making of his last few runs. When Mold came in last man Jackson's score stood at 98. Mold played his first ball or two very carefully, and once more Jackson had a turn. He scored a single, and again every eye was fixed on the hapless Mold, who was doing his best to assist Jackson over a century. Once more the amateur got the bowling, and every ball was sent up to the beating of ten thousand hearts. Giffen was bowling his very best, and Jackson found it impossible to get him away. At last, taking his life into his hands and going for it neck or nothing, the Cantab drove Giffen clean over the covered stand, and Waterloo was won—I mean a century was reached.

Next to Jackson, A. E. Stoddart had the highest score; but his 83 was by no means up to his best form. Old W. G. was, of course, well to the front with his 68, Shrewsbury whipped in with a freely hit 66, Ward with a stylish 55, W. W. with a careful 52. Poor little Briggs was bowled first ball; but he had his revenge when it came to his turn to manipulate the leather.

Against England's total of 483, Australia went in on a perfect wicket; but, tired out with fielding a day and a half in a tropical sun, the Cornstalks collapsed most ignominiously. Fancy eleven Australians all out on a perfect wicket for 91! At the second attempt they did better—very much better—with their score of 349; but even then they fell short of England's one innings total by 43 runs. By far the best batting display on the Australian side was the 92 knocked up by G. Trott, although Alec Bannerman has probably never played a freer innings



Sad fate of the man who jumped out.

than when he scored 55. George Giffen was somewhat lucky in marking up 53, while H. Graham got 42 in his usual finished style. J. Lyons was in some ten minutes for 31 runs, and most of these were got from a couple of overs. One hit went clean over the members' pavilion into

the road, the following one straight over the covered stand, and a third into the hands of W. G. at mid-off.

If England's batting was superb—and of this there could hardly be any doubt, seeing that it was a record in international contests—what



Alarming accident to an off stump.

are we to say about the bowling? I doubt whether we have ever seen a better performance on a batsman's wicket than that of Briggs and Lockwood. The slow bowler obtained ten wickets for 148 runs, or something under 15 runs each, while Lockwood got eight for 133, or less than 17 runs apiece. What makes the figures of the English trundlers even more remarkable is that, for lack of good change bowlers, Briggs and Lockwood got very little rest. Their figures in the first innings, when each man was quite fresh, are simply phenomenal. Briggs was credited with five for 34, and Lockwood with four for 37. Giffen, among the Australian trundlers, was the only one who met with any success, and his seven wickets for 128 read remarkably well. Turner and



Some Spectators.

Trumble got one wicket each at a cost of 94 and 101 respectively. In all departments of the game England was superior. In former contests Australia has usually led the way in the matter of fielding, but in the match at the Oval England, as a team, were as much superior in the field as with the bat. Only Bruce, Gregory, and Graham showed any brilliancy in the field. The match was played for the benefit of Maurice Read, the well-known Surrey professional, and it is expected that he will make something like £1000 out of it.

Rain robbed Somerset of a certain victory over Sussex, and the match between Kent and Notts ended in a fairly even draw. Middlesex gave Gloucester a trouncing with an innings to spare, and Somerset, in turn, also got on top of Gloucester.

## ATHLETICS.

I would remind my readers of the forthcoming athletic and cycle meeting at Paddington on Aug. 26 in aid of the medical charities of London. The chief cycle events will be a first-class mile handicap and a half-mile scratch race for the challenge cup presented by the Corporation of the City of London. This will be the last big meeting of the season in London, when all the cracks will be seen out together. The athletic events include a one-mile level race and a two-mile match between C. Pearce, the four-mile champion, S. Thomas, ten-mile champion, and C. E. Willers, the four-mile record holder. On present form Pearce stands the best chance of winning this event.

I am pleased to see that Scheltema Beduin, of the Catford Club, has been successful at the International Cycle Meeting at Copenhagen. He won the mile race in 2 min. 46 3-5 sec. and the two-mile race in 5 min. 7 2-5 sec.

OLYMPIAN.



# S O U T H - W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y .

TOURIST TICKETS, at reduced fares, for all classes by all trains, to South and North Devon, and North Cornwall Coast, Boscawen, Tintagel, Ilfracombe, Lynton, Bude, Clovelly, Plymouth, Exeter, Exmouth, Sidmouth, Seaton, Lyme Regis, &c.

Also to South-West Coast, Weymouth, Bournemouth, Swanage; and to Isle of Wight, Ryde, Cowes, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Yarmouth, Totland, and Alum Bays. Tickets available for return within two months, but may be extended by extra payment.

To EXETER in 3½ hours, Plymouth 5½ hours, Ilfracombe 6 hours, Bournemouth 2½ hours, Weymouth and Swanage 3½ hours, Ryde 2½ hours, Yarmouth 3 hours, Ventnor 3½ hours. Fast trains leave Waterloo Station for Exeter and West of England at 5.50, 9, and 11 a.m., 3 and 5 p.m. The 5 p.m. does not convey passengers to North Devon stations.

For Bournemouth and Weymouth at 5.50 and 9.10 a.m., 12.20, 2.15 (for Bournemouth only), 2.25 and 3 (for Weymouth only), 3.10, 4.55, and 5.50 p.m.

For Swanage at 9.10 a.m., 12.30, 2.25, and 4.55 p.m.

For Isle of Wight, via Portsmouth, at 6.45, 9.30 a.m., 12, 2.45, 3.40, 4.10, and 5 p.m. Also via Stokes Bay at 5.50, 8.5, 11.15 a.m., 2.25 and 3.10 p.m. Also via Lymington and Yarmouth at 5.50, 9.10 a.m., 12.30, 2.25, 3.10, and 4.55 p.m., and via Southampton for Cowes, &c., at 5.50, 8.5, 11.15 a.m., 1, 3.10, and 5.50 p.m.

Pullman Cars for Bournemouth run in the 9.10, 12.30, 2.15, and 4.55 trains. First-class lavatory accommodation in principal trains.

Any information can be obtained on application to the Traffic Superintendent, Waterloo Station. CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

SUMMER SERVICE OF TRAINS TO SCOTLAND BY THE WEST COAST (L. & N. W. AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS) ROYAL MAIL ROUTE. ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED EXPRESS SERVICE FROM LONDON TO ABERDEEN AND THE DEESIDE, THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY, AND THE CALLANDER AND OBAN LINE.

NEW CORRIDOR TRAINS, WITH REFRESHMENT AND DINING CARS ATTACHED, BOTH FOR FIRST AND THIRD CLASS PASSENGERS, BETWEEN LONDON AND EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.—The following ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE now in operation, First and Third Class by all trains—

WEEK-DAYS.											
Leave	Arrive	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	A	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	A
London (Euston) ...	...	5 15	7 15	10 0	10 30	2 0	8 0	8 50	9 0	10 0	12 0
Edinburgh (Princes Street) ...	...	3 55	5 50	6 20	7 40	10 55	See Note	6 30	...	8 55	12 22
Glasgow (Central) ...	...	3 45	6 0	6 45	8 15	10 45	...	...	6 40	9 15	12 27
Greenock ...	...	5 38	7 20	7 40	9 52	12 6	...	...	7 45	10 38	1 40
Gourock ...	...	4 50	7 31	7 50	10 2	12 15	...	...	7 55	10 47	1 50
Oban ...	...	8 48	...	...	...	...	9 25	12 15	...	1 50	6 25
Perth ...	...	5 45	...	...	8 17	12 20	5 40	7 55	...	11 10	3 20
Inverness—Via Dunkeld ...	...	...	...	...	...	6 10	11 5	2 40	...	6 5	10 5
Dundee ...	...	7 15	...	...	9 19	1 5	7 20	8 55	...	12 10	4 32
Aberdeen ...	...	9 5	...	...	10 45	3 5	7 50	11 40	...	2 0	6 20
Ballater ...	...	...	...	...	...	9 45	9 45	2 15	...	4 50	...
Inverness—Via Aberdeen ...	...	...	...	...	...	8 13	1 35	6 5	...	10 5	...

\* On Saturday nights the 8.50, 9, and 10 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked \* (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

+ Arrives at Inverness at 1.30 p.m. on Sundays.

S—Saturdays only.

A—The 8 p.m. Highland Express and the 12 night train will run every night (except Saturdays).

On Saturdays passengers by the 10.30 a.m. and 2 p.m. trains from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

Carriages with lavatory accommodation are run on the principal express trains between London and Scotland, without extra charge.

Improved sleeping saloons, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the night trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, Perth, and Aberdeen. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

Additional trains from Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other towns will connect with the above trains.

For further particulars see the Companies' time bills.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager, London and North-Western Railway.

Aug., 1893. JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

## MIDLAND RAILWAY.—SUMMER TRAIN SERVICES.

THE MOST INTERESTING ROUTE TO SCOTLAND. GLASGOW, GREENOCK, and the Western Highlands and Islands, through the Land of Burns. EDINBURGH, via the WAVERLEY DISTRICT (The Land of Scott). THE FORTH BRIDGE ROUTE TO THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

Depart.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) ...	5 15	5 15	10 0	10 35	1 30	9 15	9 20
Bristol ...	1 03	1 03	8 5	9 10	10 10	7 50	7 50
Birmingham ...	6 5	6 5	11 0	11 35	1 23	10 30	10 30
Nottingham ...	7 35	7 35	11 38	1 5	3 58	11 50	11 53
Liverpool (Exchange) ...	10 5	9 35	...	2D25	4 55	12 35	12 35
Manchester (Victoria) ...	10 0	9 35	...	2D30	5 0	12 45	12 45
Arrive:							
Dumfries ...	2 0	...	5 34	6 57	9 39	...	5 27
Kilmarnock ...	3 20	...	6 49	8 12	10 9	...	6 49
Ayr ...	...	4 50	7 43	9 0	10 57	...	8 0
GLASGOW (St. Enoch) ...	3 55	...	7 25	8 50	10 45	...	7 30
Greenock ...	4 48	...	8 15	9 52	12 0	...	8 22
Melrose ...	...	2 50	...	7 20	...	5 40	...
Oban ...	...	...	...	...	...	1 50	...
EDINBURGH (Waverley) ...	...	3 55	...	8 20	...	6 40	...
Perth ...	...	5 58	...	10 20	...	8 37	...
Dundee ...	...	6 10	...	10 35	...	8 50	...
Aberdeen ...	...	8 40	...	12 30	...	11 0	...
Inverness ...	...	...	...	6B10	...	2 40	...
Stranraer ...	5 30	...	8 2	9 57	...	...	...
BELFAST ...	...	...	10A35	...	5+50	...	...

A—Via Stranraer and Larne (Shortest Sea Passage).

B—No connection to this Station on Sundays by this train.

C—Monday mornings excepted.

D—Passengers for G. and S. W. Line can leave Liverpool and Manchester at 3.0 p.m.

+ Via Barrow.

### SCOTLAND.

#### NEW AFTERNOON EXPRESS TRAINS,

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Though years in use, I'm bright as ever thanks to Brooke's Soap.

ALL METALS KEPT NEW BY ITS USE. NO HOME IS BRIGHT WITHOUT IT.

**JOHN ROBERTSON & SON**

**DUNDEE WHISKY**

**DISCOVERY OF THE PROVERBIAL SCOTCHMAN SEATED THEREON.**

Dr. N—— (*loquitur*). "Hilloa, Scotty! you here already, and all alone?"

"Ou' ay'. I've **J.R.D.** wi' me, and ye ken 'a goot man and a goot whisky is goot company.'"

London Offices: 4, GREAT TOWER ST., LONDON, E.C.





THE IOLANTHE.

HE: "That's the money-lender's yacht—old Bowser's. What has he called her?"  
 SHE: "I can't quite read the name, but the first two letters are *I O*."  
 HE: "And the other is *U*, I suspect; he is advertising the business."



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Our sovereign lady Dame Fashion is still playing the part of a coy coquette, and refuses to bind herself down to any absolutely definite promises regarding her autumnal movements, thereby causing much heartburning and vain speculation on the part of her feminine following. One thing, however, seems to be almost certain—namely, that skirts will be distinguished by the absence of the profuse trimming which has lately been so popular, while there is also a rumour that panniers will be revived. I must say that this latter piece of information has gladdened my own heart, and will, I expect, be not unwelcome news to the possessors of slim figures, for there is no doubt that to all such these dainty little panniers will prove most becoming.

With this idea of panniers in my head, I thought I would ensure your being first in the field by designing you a gown in which they were introduced in a modified form. The result of my—or rather the artist's—efforts you will find on this page, and I can only hope that it will meet with your approval. As for myself, I am rather in love with this gown, and if you want to pay me a delicate compliment you can call it the "Florence" costume, though I have not been vain enough to give it this title myself. The material I have selected in my mind's eye is rich white silk, brocaded with a design in buttercup yellow. The full skirt is trimmed round the foot with puffings of yellow satin, and bordered with a plain band of the same, while it fastens over the bodice with a similar band. But the particular point of the gown lies in the pannier-like puffings of satin which are inserted at each side just below the waist line, and which are both becoming and quaintly novel. The bodice itself is cut square, with a soft berthe of yellow chiffon held in by a band of the satin, the puffed sleeves being also slashed with satin. I don't see why you should not make something really good of this gown, as you could, of course, use silk or satin of any colour, and, later in the season, velvet, or its almost universal substitute, Louis velveteen.

I can imagine it looking lovely in sage-green and the palest blue, or heliotrope and tea-rose yellow; but the combinations of colour are so

endless that I must leave you to exercise your own individual taste in the matter.

As to the outdoor garments for the autumn and winter, jackets will entirely take the place of capes, so the possessors of the latter may make up their minds to consign them to oblivion, to be replaced by the newer favourites, some of the smartest and most elaborate of which are to be made with long pelerine fronts, and short, very full basques at sides and back. I think that, on the whole, the change will be a welcome one, for we have had such a surfeit of capes that the charms of the jacket will appear in an additionally strong light. Besides this, they are likely to burst upon us in renewed smartness and novelty, as, indeed, by rights they should, considering the long rest which they have been enjoying.

I have really seen nothing worth mentioning during the past week, except a costume which, even on the hottest day of the year, gave one a delightful impression of coolness and lightness. It was worn by a very pretty, fair woman, who was indulging in some of Fuller's cool dainties, and, in spite of the temperature and the fascinations of "ice cream soda," I found myself paying this dress a good deal of attention. The skirt was of black accordion-pleated crêpon, with a tiny stripe of mauve silk, a band of lace insertion round the edge showing a mauve silk lining. The overhanging blouse bodice was of soft mauve silk, striped with black, the small yoke being formed of transparent bands of black lace insertion; the loose, full sleeves were caught in at the wrist by a band of lace, while from shoulder to wrist ran transparent bands of lace insertion, through which the white arms gleamed prettily. A jet coronet bonnet, with a butterfly bow of accordion-pleated mauve chiffon, completed a costume which filled me with

an overwhelming desire to immediately possess myself of one exactly like it, in order to see whether, by any manner of means, I might attain some degree of coolness.

However, being unable to carry out my idea, I turned my attention for a change to jewellery, for fashions may come or go, and everything else may be at a standstill, but weddings go on for ever, and the needs of the present-seeking fiancés and bridegrooms demand attention, even though the state of the weather makes one inclined to sit in a limp heap,

[Continued on page 221.]



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This Work contains Fifty Drawings of specially designed Artistic Interiors, in the various styles now in demand; upwards of 2000 "Half-tone" Prints of Furniture Photographed from Stock, and many Coloured Illustrations of Carpets, Curtains, Linens, Blinds, China and Glass, &c.

The above print is a photographic reproduction of the cover of the Book, the actual size of which is 15 in. by 10 in. To all those about to Furnish or Re-Furnish HAMPTON & SONS will have much pleasure in forwarding a copy of this Guide free of charge, on condition that it is returned within a fortnight, unless such an order is placed as will entitle the purchaser to retain it for future reference.

PALL MALL EAST,  
AND  
COCKSPUR STREET, } TRAFALGAR SQUARE S.W.

Works:  
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How LIPTON'S TEAS have reached a pinnacle of Success NEVER BEFORE ATTAINED by ANY TEA in the WORLD.

**LIPTON BRINGS HIS TEAS DIRECT FROM THE TEA GARDENS TO THE CONSUMER,**

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**RICH, PURE, AND FRAGRANT.**  
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In Various Fancy  
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In all Cases of Fever & for Purifying Use  
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Send for Pamphlet,  
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**"SANITAS" is Non-poisonous, Fragrant,  
AND  
DOES NOT STAIN.**

IN THE HOLIDAY SEASON  
THE LADY'S GREATEST FRIEND IS



**"ZOELIA"**

a little of which should be applied to the Hair before using the  
Curling Irons, and which

KEEPS the HAIR in CURL at the SEASIDE.  
KEEPS the HAIR in CURL after BATHING.  
KEEPS the HAIR in CURL on the RIVER.  
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from GUM and GREASE, and is always effective.

Bottles 1/- and 2/6 of all Hairdressers, Chemists,  
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**LATOUR ET CIE'S DÉPÔTS,**  
LONDON: 76, New Bond St., W. PARIS: Rue de la Paix, 5.

## ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST,

were awarded the Grand Diploma of Honour—Highest Award for Irish Damask Table Linen,  
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Children's Bordered, 1/3 per doz.  
Ladies' " 2/3 "  
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Hemstitched:  
Ladies' 2/9 per doz.  
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Embroidered Handkerchiefs, in all  
the latest styles, from 1/- to 20/- each.

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**IRISH DAMASK  
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COLLARS: Ladies' and Children's 3-fold, 3/6  
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CUFFS for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children,  
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Best quality long-  
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Linen Fronts, 35/6  
half-dozen. (To measure  
2/- extra.)

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6  
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3 yds., 5/11 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each.  
Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz. Frilled Linen  
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"Nothing earthly could surpass her,  
Save thine incomparable oil, Macassar."  
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A splendid testimony this of the  
poet's high appreciation of the  
merits of

**ROWLANDS'  
MACASSAR OIL.**

His Lordship preserved his fine head of hair by the use of this Oil, and  
recommended it to all his acquaintances as being the best and safest  
preserver and beautifier of the Hair. Sold also in a Golden Colour for  
fair hair. Bottles, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6, equal to four small.

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Is the best and most fragrant prepara-  
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that neither washes nor pastes are as  
efficacious for polishing the Teeth and keeping them sound and white as a pure and non-gritty  
tooth-powder; such Rowlands' Odonto has always proved itself.

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**ARTISTIC \* FURNITURE**  
Carpets and Decoration

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WEAR GUARANTEED.

## VELUTINA.

**What is it?** The Best VELVET for all Dress  
purposes. Made in 32 inches for Capes,  
Mantles, &c., as well as the ordinary widths.

## BIAS VELUTINA.

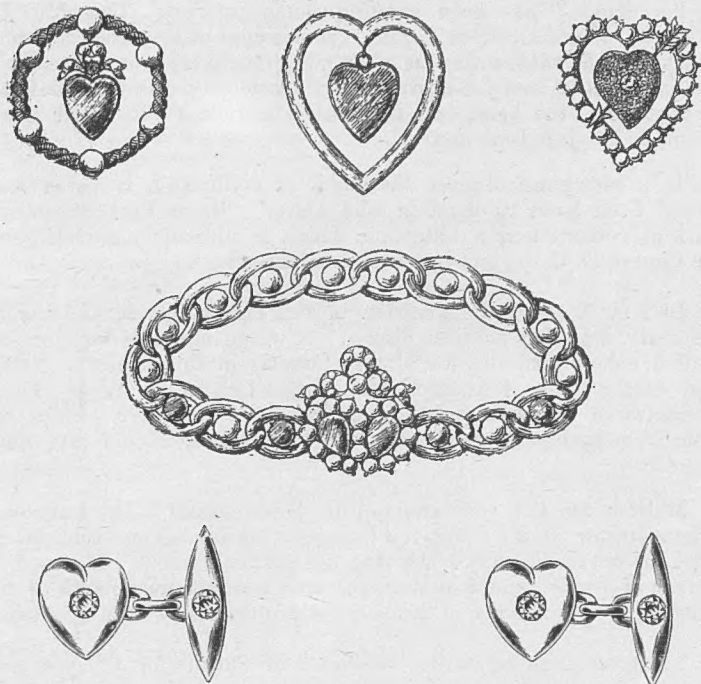
Is same VELVET cut on the  
cross for DRESS TRIMMINGS,  
SKIRT BINDINGS, &c., 1½,  
1½, 2, 2½, and 3 inches wide.

**Who Sell it?**

The principal wholesale houses and  
the BEST Drapers everywhere.



and devote the last remaining fragments of energy to the consumption of iced drinks. When once I got inside 134, Regent Street I soon forgot the heat in the contemplation of Messrs. Wilson and Gill's fascinating stock. Lovers are always—presumably—sentimental, and I felt specially inclined to favour their weakness when I had such strong inducements in the form of some new and lovely heart-shaped jewellery, which is just the thing for wedding presents. First of all, then, my eye was caught by a simply delightful miniature gold watch with an enamel face,



suspended by two gold chains from a brooch formed of two entwined hearts in outline. I can imagine a bridegroom of a generous turn of mind gladdening the hearts of a bevy of bridesmaids by the presentation of these dainty, lovely ornaments. I can take upon myself to assure him of their acceptability. An exquisite gold curb bracelet next took my fancy; and, in my opinion at least, its charms were doubled by the moderation of its price—only seven pounds! Two chrysoprase hearts encircled by pearls, and joined together by a true lovers' knot in pearls, were placed in the centre, while on each side were two chrysoprases separated by a lovely pearl. I have got a sketch of this bracelet for you, as it is quite new and particularly beautiful, and I have also selected my other illustrations entirely from the heart-shaped jewellery, as they are quite the prettiest things which I have seen.

Next, then, let me draw your attention to a sweet little heart-shaped brooch outlined in pearls, while in the centre is another and a smaller heart of chased gold, with a diamond in the centre, and pierced through with a gold arrow. The price (£2 7s. 6d.) need not frighten anyone, I am sure. For an additional half-crown you can get the charming little brooch formed of a twisted circle of chased gold, studded with six pearls, while in the centre hangs a tiny chrysoprase heart, tied at the top with a wee pearl bow. For charming simplicity I can recommend to you the outline heart brooch, within which is a small chrysoprase heart. I expect you will hardly believe me when I tell you that the price is only twenty-seven shillings, yet such is the fact. And still another surprise: I saw a handsome gold curb brooch, with a pendent chrysoprase heart, which was marked at twenty-eight shillings. I have not come to the end of my treasure-trove yet: I have still got another brooch—one formed of a coiled gold serpent, with diamond eyes, and a chrysoprase heart hanging from its mouth. Cynical folk will find food for thought in the conjunction of the serpent and the heart; as for me, I do not venture to express an opinion, but will merely remark that the price of this very novel and effective brooch is only two pounds.

Red enamel is coming into fashion, and it certainly is very pretty and effective. I saw it used in some lovely heart-shaped brooches, surrounded with pearls, but I made up my mind to give my attention in this case to something for members of the sterner sex, so if you want to make a present to some specially favoured one, let me advise you to look at the pair of red enamel heart-shaped sleeve-links, edged with a narrow line of white enamel and gold. The shape is quite new, and a man who was not pleased with such a present would be hard to find, I am sure. In strict confidence, I will inform you that these links are seven pounds a pair, a very moderate price when you consider how lovely they are. A very original brooch consisted of a diamond heart, from which a tiny flame of red enamel burst forth at the top, while it was run through with a most realistic burnt-out match of enamel. The idea is a very quaint one, most perfectly carried out, and such a brooch is well worth the price charged—five pounds. For half the price you can get a gold bar brooch, on which are placed three flies, which are much more attractive under these conditions than in their normal state, inasmuch as in this instance their bodies are of chrysoprase, and their heads and wings of

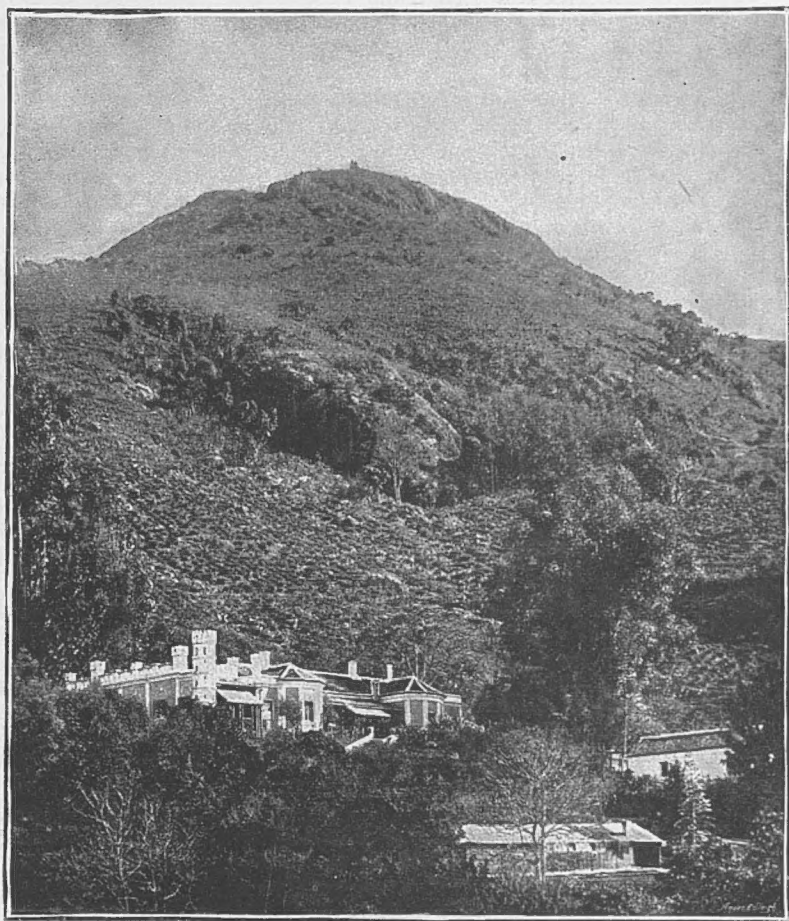
pearl. Such flies as these would be gladly welcomed in the hottest weather, and they are well worth £2 15s.

If you want something quite new in the way of bracelets, you should see one of alternate squares of plaited gold and platinum (giving a fashionable shot effect), studded all over with rubies and diamonds. One more word, and then I really have finished: when you go to Wilson and Gill's be sure to see a new diamond crescent-moon brooch, which forms a setting for the side face of the man in the moon, most cleverly cut from a moonstone, the luminous effect being really wonderful. Now I consider I have done my duty nobly, considering the state of the weather, and provided for the wants of all the present-seekers for some time to come.

FLORENCE.

### LADY WENLOCK'S SUMMER RETREAT.

Our illustration represents Brooklands, Coonoor, the beautiful retreat to which the wife of the Governor of Madras retires during the hot season, when Madras becomes unbearable, and the official entertainments at Government House, Ootacamund, the other hill station on the Nilgiris, are over. The house, commanding magnificent views over the plains of Coimbatore and many other ranges of hills, stands at an altitude of 6000 ft. in park-like grounds, planted with clumps of English and Australian trees, surrounded by several hundred acres of tea and cinchona



BROOKLANDS, COONOOR.

plantation, backed by the picturesque rocky peak Teneriffe, the highest in that part of the Nilgiris. It has been the property for the last twenty years of Mr. W. Lee Kirby, who has so added to the house that it is very different from the usual planter's bungalow, while still preserving the single story and verandah type so dear to the Anglo-Indian. Here Lady Wenlock can get perfect rest and enjoy the beautiful rides and drives beloved by Lady Canning and many former Governors of Madras, soon to be rendered much easier of access when the railway now being brought up from the plains is finished.

Zola, in his terribly realistic book "La Terre," describes the almost incredible cruelty of a son and his wife to the father, after the old man had made over his property to them. A similar loathsome story has been brought to light in reality. A farmer named Veyrios, of Tarn, becoming too old for work, was persuaded by his son to make over his farm and money to him on the understanding that he should be found his food and lodging at his son's house for the rest of the few years that remained to him. Once the son had secured the property, he began to behave in the most unnatural manner possible. He reproached his father for being useless and eating too much, and insisted on him doing work. The father threatened to leave his son and get his money back through the Law Courts. This so enraged the son that he imprisoned him in a large cask, and tried to starve him to death; the operation proving too long, he got impatient and strangled the poor old man. He has been sentenced to death.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Aug. 19, 1893.

While we poor mortals are condemned to remain in London—which might as well be Calcutta, or some other equally hot tropical capital—with no business to do and still less inclination to do it, you are preparing to spend a month among the high peaks of the Alps and the pleasant valleys of the Engadine. We envy you, dear Sir, and we thank you for relieving us of the necessity of sending our weekly letter, which could only arrive too late to be of service to you. When so valued a client takes a holiday we feel certain that, both for his health and his mental comfort, it is far better to do as you have done—close up all bargains, forget that such a place as Capel Court exists, and at the end of a month or six weeks come back like a giant refreshed, when business begins to get brisk and the City streets are once more full of well-known faces.

Before we have the honour of writing to you again, in all human probability the silver question in the United States will be for all practical purposes solved, and we shall be able to speak with certain knowledge as to whether the repeal of the Sherman Law is to be accompanied by some wretched concession to the silver party which will rob it of all its virtue, or whether honest money and common-sense are to win the battle. We fear that compromise will prove the only solution which can be forced through the Senate, but we hope, just as you do, that Mr. Cleveland and his advisers may be able to secure the victory which they expect.

The Stock Exchange is practically empty, for dear money and a very uncertain outlook, coupled with tropical heat and the holiday season, have proved a combination too powerful to be resisted by the majority of brokers and jobbers, who, having passed through the most anxious six months within living memory, are all delighted to retire into private life for a time, and to know that, although they may not be making money, they are at least not losing it.

In Australia the reconstructed banks have now all practically got to work, and considerable curiosity exists in business circles as to how they will succeed in their new form, and, in some cases, under their new titles. The experiment is complicated by so many considerations that it is impossible within the bounds of this short letter, dear Sir, to discuss the chances; but in the case of reconstructions like the English, Scottish, and Australian Bank one cannot help being struck by the extraordinary long-suffering of the creditors and the vast capital resources which the new institution will have at its command. Whether the banks which have met the storm and paid every demand will be able to hold their own against rivals with millions of never-to-be-retained depositors' money to lend remains to be seen. The experiment has certainly never been tried on so large a scale in any civilised country before.

The magnificent weather ought to fill the hearts of the holders of Brighton and Dover A's with joy, for it promises to increase the receipts of all the passenger lines. As we have often said to you, the Brighton A stock which is in your strong box need not trouble you during this holiday, at least, and but for the uncertainty as to the price of money we should consider it a fairly safe prophecy to say that it would be worth more money by the time you are once more among us than it is at this moment.

The situation in the Argentine has been politically disturbed, but whichever party eventually succeeds in establishing itself in the seat of government the best railways will, in our opinion, improve. Argentine paper money is, of course, the curse of everybody and everything connected with the republic, but many of the silver-using countries are finding that even the white metal is very little better than paper, and when the River Plate exports of this year come to be paid for we expect—apart from revolutions—that the gold premium will fall again below 200.

The story goes that Mr. Cecil Rhodes has disposed of the De Beers diamond production for £1,000,000 sterling, and, as it is not unlikely he may have his hands full with Lobengula and the Matabeles, it is, perhaps, as well that he has, at least for the present, removed all cause for anxiety as far as the diamond monopoly is concerned.

We wish you, dear Sir, the very pleasantest of Swiss trips, and remain, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, and CO.

Lord Houghton, like his predecessor, Lord Londonderry, trains with George Dawson at Newmarket; but at present his stud is only a small one. Next season, however, may see it considerably strengthened. His Lordship is reckoned a fairly good judge of bloodstock, and he believes in testing his horses' capabilities in private ere they fulfil their engagements. Lord Zetland, since his sojourn at Dublin Castle, has taken a renewed interest in the Turf, and has some promising horses under J. Enoch's care at Newmarket.

And so Lord Rosslyn has really and truly determined upon selling Buccaneer at Doncaster. Many people were inclined to think that his Lordship would send the son of Privateer to his own stud farm, but it is just on the cards that his Lordship will dispose of that as well, and thus totally sever his connection with the Turf. Buccaneer will, no doubt, fetch several thousand pounds, and it would be the irony of fate were Mr. Moncreiffe to purchase the horse for Colonel North.

## "ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The Labour Bureau is a success in New Zealand. According to a Government report, it has not only moved labour from congested districts to fresh woods and pastures new, but has, by the removal, improved the habits of the men for whom it helped to find work.

At Melbourne a gentleman who bears the title of the "Australian Orpheus," and is known more popularly as "the man with an orchestra in his throat," has been exciting much interest. This Mr. Harry Atkinson is described as having the passages of his throat and nostrils honeycombed, thus acting as a sounding-board and as a reed as well. Not only has he won the hearts of Melbourne people in general, but also, in particular, the hand and heart of a merchant's daughter there, to whom he has just been married.

In a metaphorical sense the torch of civilisation is being quickly passed from hand to hand in Mid-Africa. From Fort Salisbury the work of constructing a telegraph, which is ultimately intended to link the Cape with Cairo, has just been commenced.

In New Zealand the question of the enfranchisement of women is pleasantly agitating political circles. It would certainly be curious if a British colony preceded the Mother Country in this advance. It might lead even to the departure from Great Britain of sundry eloquent advocates of women's rights to a sunnier clime, where Justice would henceforth have to be depicted as throwing (blindfold) her vote into the ballot-box.

Matters are not very tranquil in Mashonaland. Dr. Jameson, the Administrator of the Chartered Company, writes saying that he needs more horses acclimatised for the proper equipment of expeditions. Details of the Matabele raid are not very satisfactory omens of future quietude, unless permanent measures of protection are soon adopted.

The total shipping of the Dominion of Canada for the year ending 1892 has been declared to be 7007 vessels, showing a decrease of eight on the previous figures.

The Bombay riots, which have been decidedly serious, seem to have now subsided. Nearly forty persons lost their lives therein.

Canada has been offered a fast Transatlantic steamship service by Messrs. R. Napier and Sons, the well-known Glasgow firm. As the Cabinet is taking a holiday, no decision has yet been given.

South Australia's Budget shows the effect of the cessation of work at the Broken Hill Silver Mines and also of the general suspension of banks. The revenue for the year was £2,500,000—a serious deficiency compared with the previous year.

The Tasmanian Government want a gentleman to be their Agent-General in London at a salary of £500 per annum. This arrangement takes effect after Sir Edward Braddon's retirement this year. It is possible that this Tasmanian economy will produce a similar result in other agencies-general of our colonies. A lowering of most official salaries would not necessarily produce inefficiency, although the expenses of maintaining prestige in London is considerable, and must not be overlooked.

Rajah Brooke is *en route* from Singapore to London. It is said he is not averse to the transference of British North Borneo to Sarawak.

Heavy floods have seriously injured the crops in Tipperah and North Behar.

Canadians are appreciating more and more the advantages of thrift. The deposits in the Post-Office Savings Bank show an increase of two million dollars compared with the previous year.

A strike on the Manitoba and North-Western Railway, caused by delay in receiving wages, has terminated by the prompt payment of the same.

The Behring Sea award is naturally the chief topic of discussion in Ottawa, where it seems to be felt that the Dominion will ultimately reap an advantage from the settlement of the question.

The Legislative Assembly in Melbourne has been warmly discussing the magistrate's refusal to grant summonses against the late manager and directors of the Mercantile Bank.

Now Ready.

THE SKETCH. VOLUME I.

Cloth gilt ... ..	11s. 6d.
Binding Case ... ..	2s. 6d.
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Can be obtained at the Office, 198, Strand, and of Booksellers or Newsagents.

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## THE ROYAL WEDDING PERFUME.

**H.R.H. the Duchess of York** has graciously accepted a supply of **"ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE,"** describing it as a **"Charming Scent."**

It is the "sweetest of sweet odours." Atkinson's is the only genuine.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers; and of the Manufacturers, 24, Old Bond Street, London.

## BRINSMEAD PIANOS.

The check, repetition, and durability certainly are the most important parts of a Pianoforte; the best of actions is nothing without them. By competition and the trying test of continuous and extraordinary use it has been demonstrated that the Brinsmead Pianofortes are of superior merit in this respect. As a fact, they are about perfect.

For Sale, for Hire, and on the Three Years' System.

Illustrated Lists Free.

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Pianoforte Galleries, 104, New Bond Street,  
London, W.

# MARZA WINE

The Latest, Most Scientific, and ONLY palatable  
IRON and COCA WINE.

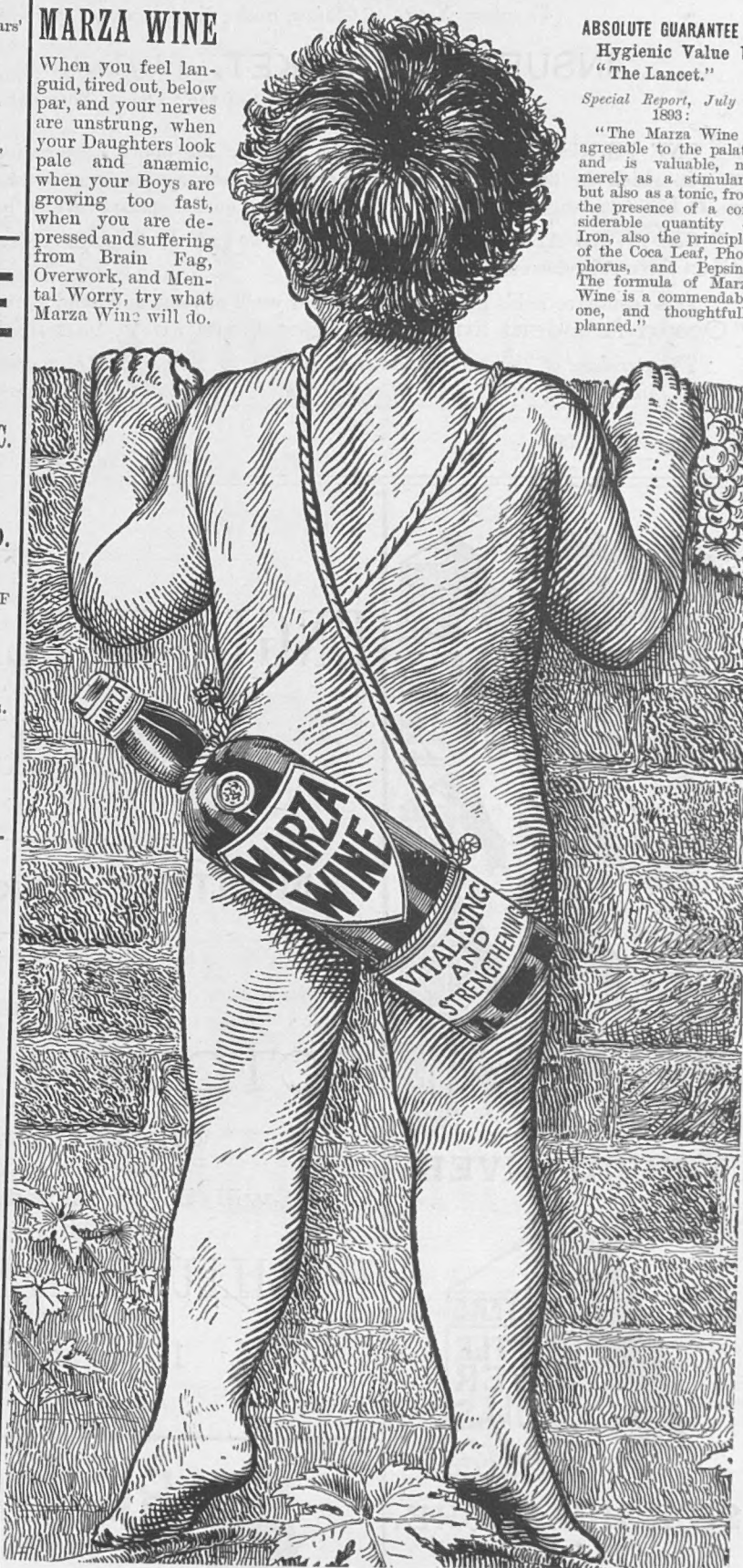
## MARZA WINE

When you feel languid, tired out, below par, and your nerves are unstrung, when your Daughters look pale and anæmic, when your Boys are growing too fast, when you are depressed and suffering from Brain Fag, Overwork, and Mental Worry, try what Marza Wine will do.

ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE of Hygienic Value by "The Lancet."

Special Report, July 1, 1893:

"The Marza Wine is agreeable to the palate, and is valuable, not merely as a stimulant, but also as a tonic, from the presence of a considerable quantity of Iron, also the principles of the Coca Leaf, Phosphorus, and Pepsine. The formula of Marza Wine is a commendable one, and thoughtfully planned."



MARZA WINE is a marvellously potent tonic, grateful, delicious, vivifying, and stimulating—the purest and best **Preventative and Restorative** ever known.

MARZA WINE is a great boon to those in a low state of health, suffering from Insomnia, Anæmia, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Debility, Vocal Fatigue, &c.

MARZA WINE, a sound Port Wine combined with Iron, Phosphorus, Coca, and Pepsine, has been awarded the Gold Medal for its excellence and palatability. The highest Medical Authorities recommend it, and the sale increases daily. Marza Wine makes rich, red blood, and will do more to retain good looks by preserving the complexion than external remedies; it will give colour to pale lips and cheeks. Marza Wine, when taken by convalescents after accouchement, illness, and especially Influenza, achieves its greatest triumph. Marza Wine is a scientific preparation invaluable for Fatigue, Exhaustion, and loss of vital force; it is a digestive, tone-giving stimulant, for strengthening and vitalising the Nerve Tissues, and should be taken daily by the Robust or Invalid.

MARZA WINE sold everywhere at 3s. 9d. per bottle, 42s. per dozen; or if any difficulty, carriage paid of THE MARZA COMPANY, LIMITED, 19 & 21, WILSON STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.



## EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Head Office: 79, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

City Office: South Sea House, Threadneedle St., E.C.

MANCHESTER—4, BOOTH STREET.

BIRMINGHAM—104, COLMORE ROW.

BRISTOL—11, CLARE STREET.

Chairman: SIR GEORGE RUSSELL, BART., M.P.

Accumulated Funds, £2,650,000. Annual Income, £290,000.

Claims paid during past 45 years, £11,300,000.

THE BUSINESS OF THE COMPANY IS NOW VALUED BY THE STRINGENT TEST OF THE H.M. TABLE OF MORTALITY.

WITH INTEREST AT 3½ PER CENT.

The Assurance Fund, invested upon First-Class Securities, is now equal to 14½ times the Annual Premiums receivable.

SPECIAL RATES for the Navy and for Officers of Mercantile Marine and others. FIXED TERM (Leasehold Redemption) ASSURANCES effected, with Liberal Surrender Values.

ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

GEORGE HUMPHREYS, Actuary and Secretary.



This inimitable COCA WINE is an aid to intellectual exertion, and is indispensable to brain-workers and others who suffer from Debility, Exhaustion, Mental Depression, Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Voice Fatigue, also to promote Convalescence. Written Testimonials from over 2000 Physicians. "A powerful rejuvenator and renovator of the vital forces."

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, or delivered free by Importers, WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street, London, 4s. per bottle, or 45s. dozen.

## NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

7 Harpur Street Bloomsbury, W.C.

Patron—THE QUEEN.

Since its formation in 1884 the Society has investigated 28,320 complaints of Cruelty to Children.

General Ill-Treatment, 4610. Neglect and Starvation, 15,242. Begging Cases, 1844. Assaults, 2477. Abandonment and Exposure, 1909. Immorality, 1250. Other Wrongs 988.

THE WELFARE OF 68,942 CHILDREN WAS INVOLVED IN THE ABOVE.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED TO MAINTAIN and EXTEND the WORK. Auditors: Messrs. GERARD VAN DE LINDE and SON. Bankers: Messrs. COUTTS and CO. BENJAMIN WAUGH, Honorary Director.

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